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THE

Adventurers;

OR,

SCENES IN IRELAND,

IN

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

——— Men whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in it — the never surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up on this island.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Tempest.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE ADVENTURERS.

CHAPTER I.

In a few days after the busy events which followed Bagnal's return to his camp, his sister set out under escort of a few dragoons for his castle on Lough Erne. Her route lay north from the banks of the Shannon to that of the great lake, and for a considerable way it followed the course of the river.

They had not travelled very far from the camp, when the river, widening into a large lake, presented a number of small islands, beautifully wooded, and some of them showing cottages amongst the trees. There were also a number of small boats on the water, with one or two men in each, who were busily engaged fishing. The men in one of the nearest of these boats soon discerned the approach of Miss Bagnal's party, and gave notice of this event by a long and loud whistle, which was answered by all the boats on the river. Some of

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these, on this signal, left their employment, and taking their oars, followed the course of the travellers, and appeared to watch them narrowly. The sergeant who led the dragoons seemed alarmed at these movements, but he was laughed at for being afraid of fishermen.

"Na, na," said the sergeant, "if so be they are fishermen 'tis vera well, but I do na like to see them steering that gait. (The sergeant was a North Briton, who had been long in Ireland.) They will be able to land a-head of us presently, as the road winds away from the river to clear the morass yonder."

The road soon left the bank of the river, as the soldier had observed, and running between two small hills, they lost sight of the boats. But in a short time they were again drawing near the stream, and at length the boats were visible considerably a-head of them. The sergeant now consulted with some of his companions what was to be done. "Jeremy, lad," said he to the corporal, "you know what to do in a pinch; troth, if these lads yonder be no fishermen, or if they fish sometimes upon dry land, as I conjecture, we shall have sharp work of it. We have now left the plain country, and we have nothing but this narrow road, and the high and craggy hills to the left of us, where

our horses would make but little way." The men all declared for pushing on, and if they were opposed, carrying the pass by force. But they could not think that the men before them would presume to dispute their way. They were actually engaged with their nets, and what seemed strong evidence of their peaceable intentions, there were women amongst them.

"Weel, lads," said the sergeant, "we'll dash on, but be on your guard, and keep your files locked close; and do you, Jeremy, look to the young lady, for if these are not Tories a-head of us, I have no skill in Irishmen or women either." They now moved forward at a pretty brisk trot, and soon reached the point occupied by the fishermen. They found the road here narrowed to a few feet by the jutting out of a sharp angle of the rock, but it was rendered altogether impassable by two boats, or large *coraghs*, and various other lumber, being drawn across it.

The boats of these outlaws, for the sergeant judged rightly that they were Tories, were large, but very light, being constructed of a framework of timber covered with hides. Those on the road were turned keel uppermost, and men were sitting on them. Other boats were

lying in the water close to the road side, with armed men in them. The foremost horseman attempted boldly to leap the impediments in his way, but he was vigorously attacked, and came with a great crash upon the cow-hide boats, smashing them in pieces, and rolling man and horse amongst the Tories.

The whole party rode up to support their companion, but the fishermen received them with their pikes and short sabres, closing with them and unhorsing them speedily. The odds were too great, and they were made prisoners. The unlucky sergeant was severely wounded, the rest escaped with little hurt. Miss Bagnal and her servant received no injury.

The Tories were now busily engaged in stripping the soldiers of their arms and accoutrements, with the use of which they seemed perfectly acquainted, while some were vaulting sportively on their newly acquired horses, managing them with as much skill and address as if they had never handled an oar, but had lived all their lives in the *menage*. All this occupied some time, and while so employed, the sound of cavalry was heard on the road, rapidly approaching, and signals were at the same time made by the boats lower down on the river.

The banditti, therefore, embarked their prisoners, and pushed away from the shore.

This movement was no sooner effected, than the cavalry made their appearance, issuing from between the hills, men and horses foaming as they drew up rapidly on the brink of the river. But the robbers were now at a safe distance, and they dared the dragoons to fire, by placing their prisoners in the most exposed positions. The officer who commanded this party seemed inclined to try the water, but the stream was deep, and running with great rapidity, and he appeared to abandon the attempt as hopeless.

Just at this moment of uncertainty and disappointment, a person was seen at some distance on the bank riding leisurely towards the dragoons, and whistling an old Irish air. He was mounted on a handsome pony, and was accompanied by two fine wolf dogs of immense size. But he was without arms of any kind, (an extraordinary circumstance in those days.) The stranger's dress and appearance corresponded with the other oddities about him. He was a young man, apparently about twenty, of a dark small face, with black bushy eye-brows, and black hair. His eyes were small and brilliant, and there was an expression of archness

and carelessness about him. He was dressed partly in the English, and partly in the Irish style, but without any attempt to make them correspond in kind or colour. He wore the saffron shirt of the Irish, with a grey doublet and a scarlet cloak; his hat was green, and towering upwards to a point somewhat in the shape of a glass house, and the whole were put on as if they had come together by accident, and without the consent or knowledge of the wearer.

The dragoon officer seemed to wait the stranger's arrival, who did not on that account accelerate his motions in the least. It was evident that he had observed both the dragoons and the boats on the water, but his attention seemed entirely devoted to his dogs, with whom he was conversing in a loud tone. The dogs had stopped, and seemed engaged in considering the state of the case between the military and the Tories.

"Hey, Thoriff," said his master to the larger of the wolf dogs, "and what have you to do with it? cannot these sagacious bipeds worry each other without your interference? come hither, sirrah, and let the world wag its own way."

The dog obeyed, looked up in his master's

face, wagged his tail in token of his approval of the sentiment, and took his station as before, close beside the pony.

"That's right, Thoriff," said the stranger; "you were ever a wise dog, wise enough to be obedient, which is the whole of wisdom."

"I have been talking to Thoriff, sir," said he, as he approached the officer, "and giving him a lesson upon obedience, which I will maintain to comprise the whole essence of wisdom."

"I am sure," said the officer, "it comprises much, and I wish, therefore, you would put yourself under my command, and assist me to recover the prisoners whom these banditti in the boats have carried off."

"And what assistance could I be to you, an unarmed man upon a small pony, most valorous captain?"

"Why, in truth, I can't well say, but something must be done; you might help us, perhaps, with your advice."

"Apropos of my pony," said the stranger, "when he got sight or smell, I don't know which, of your horses here, the booby animal quickened in his pace, and brought me up to you in less time than I intended. What can be

the cause of this absurd love of society which seems to run through all classes of animals, bipeds, and quadrupeds, including of the former those with feathers and those without them. When they do come together, they set about scratching and fighting without delay, just as you and these sage persons, with you, who are, I suppose, most anxious to have your claws upon the Christian philanthropists in the boats yonder."

"Indeed so we are: I have not now time to answer your abstract inquiries, but I would be most grateful, if you could suggest any means of recovering the prisoners which these robbers have taken. You are probably acquainted with the localities of this place. An English lady of rank has been seized upon by these pirates of the river; and, I am afraid, if we plunge into the water and attack the boats, that we should upset them."

"You would not be able to reach the boats. These fellows are able at their oars, and would be more likely to drown you, than you them. As there is a lady in question, however, I will give you some help. But, instead of putting myself under your orders, as you very sagaciously proposed, you must even condescend to put yourself and your troop under mine."

"We are at your command," said the officer.

"That's right; and now you will please to draw your men away from the bank, and remove them out of sight: you may place them behind that little hill, if you think proper; or, if you like better, you may order Edliska, queen of the poukies, or, as you call them, fairies, to open her cave in the rock behind you, and take you in; that is, if you think she will obey you."

"As I have no acquaintance with the lady," said the officer, "I will even be content with the hill."

"And, as I am an old acquaintance of hers," said the stranger, "I must now depend upon her friendship;" saying this, he drew out from under his doublet, a long green feather, and fixed it in the top of his high cap.

"I am now under the protection of Edliska of the rock, and my two dogs have been long honoured with her particular regard."

The officer placed his troop behind the hill; took a position himself, so that he could see the movements of his new acquaintance, who had no sooner adjusted his feather, than he touched the flank of his pony; and, accompanied by his dogs, plunged into the river.

The green feather was no sooner seen waving on the water, than the Tories cheered from all their boats, and drew near to the venturous horseman. He was taken on board, his poney swimming by the side of the boat, and held a short conference with them. Finally, a few of the boats drew to shore, and landed Miss Bagnal and her servant, and the soldiers who had been captured. At the same instant the stranger landed, and springing on the back of his pony, galloped up the steep rock of the fairies with a rapidity which seemed to justify the notion of elfin aid. The soldiers gazed on him with wonder as he pursued the winding track up the almost perpendicular hill, accompanied by his great dogs.

Lucy Bagnal recognized in the officer of dragoons who had come to her rescue, her old friend and schoolfellow, Charles Marvel, now Colonel Marvel, whom she had not seen for so many years. He was, she thought, greatly improved in his person, and had acquired, doubtless, from his habits of military command, an air of confidence and decision which formerly he was greatly deficient in. It was, for both, a meeting full of interest and joy. She inquired how he had come to know the peril she was in;

and he stated, that he had been on his way from the Marshal's castle to his present quarters, when he met a dragoon proceeding at full speed, who had, when the Tories were getting the better, turned his horse, and fled. With this soldier as a guide, he changed the direction of his route, and came, at full gallop, to her help. "And yet, I should hardly have been able to do you any service, if it had not been for that extraordinary apparition who has just disappeared upon the rock." "He seemed a strange person," said Miss Bagnal, "pray who could he be?" "I have not the least notion," said the Colonel, "but I shall be grateful to him all my life for this important service."

Marvel now put his troop in order, and they proceeded on their route to the castle, which they reached without any accident. The Marshal's castle was finely situated on the neck of land between the two lakes of Lough Erne. It had been one of the old square towers of the Irish chiefs, but had been greatly improved and extended by the present occupier and his predecessor, who had also commanded the British forces in this district. It was now nearly a complete quadrangle, two sides of which were washed by the waters of the lake. The other

two were surrounded by a deep moat. The castle commanded the most glorious views of wood and water, hill and dale, and the numerous little wooded islets of the lake. The Lord Marshal arrived at the castle almost immediately after his sister. Miss Bagnal's second meeting with her brother was cold and formal as before; he seemed as if he had but just then suddenly recollected that she was in Ireland; and made no enquiry as to the accident by which she had fallen into the hands of the Tories, nor concerning her fortunate release. Marvel's attentions were unremitting; and were some compensation for her brother's neglect. Except the gloomy and sullen character which the Marshal exhibited, in some degree, to all around him, and especially to her, Miss Bagnal found his castle a gay and splendid residence.

It was crowded with guests and retainers of every description, who, feasting sumptuously, and at free cost, seemed resolved to drive away care, and to enjoy the present hour. Colonel Marvel was constable of Erne Castle; and, by his care, Miss Bagnal found her proper place, and the respect due to her in her brother's household. Aware, as she was, that much of the magnificence surrounding her was supported by

the oppression and pillage of the country, she could not wholly withdraw her heart from the influence of the gay scenes which her present residence afforded.

The company at Erne Castle consisted of a crowd of military officers, and a number of adventurers, who had not yet obtained commissions, but came recommended, either by the government, or by persons of rank in England. To these were added a multitude of black coats, chiefly clergy, and some few candidates for civil situations. Many of the clergy had been, for some time, appointed to *livings* in the vicinity of Lough Erne, but had not ventured as yet to set foot in their parishes. They waited impatiently until the Lord Marshal should conduct them into their sheep-fold at the head of his dragoons. These were men who had not, perhaps, quite as much interest at court as the Rev. Dowlas Wagstaff. Not having the advantage of cousinship to any of the cooks or scullions of the palace; or, what is much better, to the cooks or scullions of the grave and enlightened ministers of the crown; they were therefore compelled to wait the pleasure of the Lord Marshal, as to the important ceremony of induction, which, at this

time, could not be performed in Ireland without the Christian aid of her Majesty's cavalry.

The Lord Marshal had not the slightest objection to hang a popish priest, if it were not for the trouble and uselessness of the operation. He was quite as indifferent about the induction of a Protestant parson. Like most men who are clear-sighted enough in what does not touch their own case, he thought that the sword ought not to be used in ecclesiastical matters; and that if force were necessary to give these gentlemen possession of their livings, or to keep them there, they could be of very little use to the crown or the people. But, though in no hurry to occupy himself with their affairs, he suffered them to enjoy freely the hospitality of his castle, and seemed pleased with their society.

There were also at Castle Erne a few high sheriffs, who could not venture into their baliwicks, nor was a king's writ ever seen in their counties. One of these was sheriff of Fermanagh. This gentleman having conceived a longing desire for the active duties of his office, the Lord Deputy applied at his request to M'Guire, chief of that district, desiring that the chieftain would be graciously pleased to permit the Queen's officer to do the duties of

his office in his country. M'Guire replied, "that the sheriff was welcome to come and perform these duties whatever they were; but he begged to know of his lordship what was the *eric* of a sheriff, that in case his people should cut off the gentleman's head, he should have no delay in levying the amount on the country." This short *billet* seemed to take away the sheriff's appetite for *writs* and *distringases*, and he remained at Castle Erne in a state of great contentment.

Added to these were a few of the better class of settlers or *undertakers*. These were speculators in the forfeited lands; men who were willing to incur the risk of maintaining a doubtful possession, dependant entirely upon the ultimate success and establishment of the the British power in Ireland. For this risk, they were bribed with long leases of hundreds of years at nominal rents, easily granted by *proprietors* who were conscious of no title, but that of a piece of parchment, in which both grantor and grantee were equally ignorant of the lands, or of the present possessors. Much of these *forfeited* lands were granted by the crown, and leased by the grantees, while they were yet in the peaceable custody of the lawful owners,

who were often wholly unconscious of these gratuitous dealings with their property. And when, afterwards, these lands, as they were predestinated to be, came to be forfeited, they were claimed by the lessees, and sometimes these claims were established, sometimes more powerful claims prevailed, and they were regranted by the crown to new favourites.

These persons were, generally, bold and daring characters — old soldiers, or ruined farmers from England, who were ready to encounter any dangers for the prospect of making a fortune, and *founding a family*. The Marshal, who was preparing extensive forfeitures, encouraged this class of men, and entertained several of them at his castle. Some of these, and of the clerical men, were accompanied by their wives, and afforded Miss Bagnal the pleasure of female society.

The Bishop of ——, was the younger son of a younger branch of a noble family in England. He had never been in his diocese, and seemed very indifferent about it. He was accompanied by his lady, also of a distinguished family. This gentleman had little of the churchman, and none of the pretender in his character. He considered the reformed church in Ireland,

as unlike any thing in the world. A sort of laico-clerical establishment, the object of which was purely political, though professedly religious. "If not useful in saving the souls of the people, we are at least very efficient in keeping their bodies in subjection to the state," said the bishop. "If not watchmen of Israel, we are watchmen of England, and we cannot be expected to watch for nothing. As for the poor popish priests, it is hard enough upon them; but they have had their day. I have no quarrel with them except for their livings; and these are well worth quarrelling about. The event will be, that they will have the flock and we will have the fleece, a very good arrangement; the honour and the labour for them, the dignity and the profit for us."

He considered the rights of the clergy, like the rights of the army in Ireland, to depend entirely on the sword; and there was no reason, he said, why one profession alone should run away with all the good things. "He had no doubt that, if necessary, the church would enrol itself in arms, and exhibit to the world the spectacle of a real church militant."

The latter proposition, and some others of the Bishop's, were not relished by the military

men, who considered them as tending to interfere with their privileges as professors of the glorious trade of war. But in so much as it favoured the right of the sword to dispose of all property whatsoever, it met their full concurrence.

While Sir Henry Bagnal had observed some of the forms of justice in his government, his castle had been little frequented. But as soon as it was rumoured that he was looking for confiscations, crowds of adventurers sought his countenance; and his castle now presented a scene of great bustle and activity. The death of M'Mahon was a decisive stroke; and fixed the character of the Marshal. The undertakers were already making offers for portions of land, and the parsons were clamorous to be inducted into the new parishes. The Lord Deputy, it was said, was to have a large portion of M'Mahon's territory; and some officers of the crown were to get other shares, so that the Marshal might secure his own proportion by a judicious distribution of the spoil.

CHAPTER II.

While all these weighty affairs were transacting, news arrived that the young M'Mahon, for whom snares had been laid in every direction, had escaped them all, and was safely returned to his own territory. He had been absent in the south upon business, it was said, of more tender import than mere politics; when the death of his father recalled him to other considerations. He hastened home, and by great address and good fortune, escaped the ambuscades which were laid for him, and reached his own district in safety. His whole sept, roused by the presence of their young chief, were now in arms. These advices were followed by others of still greater moment. It was told that De Burgo, throwing off all disguise, had openly taken the field, proclaiming aloud the treachery and oppression of the Marshal, particularly in the case of the M'Mahon. It was added, that the movements of O'Neil, in

the north, were very suspicious — that he remonstrated loudly with government on the conduct of the Marshal towards M'Mahon, and that his remonstrances were in a tone of menacing and haughty independence.

The chieftains in the south, were represented as in a state of great alarm, and all taking measures for their defence. An universal panic prevailed throughout the whole kingdom. What was more fearful, rumour said, that the British government would be compelled to investigate the transaction respecting the old chief of Fermanagh, and to bring the parties to account, notwithstanding the strongest disposition to screen them. And, finally, that the Lord Deputy would be removed, and the Lord Marshal suspended.

These accounts threw a gloom over the gay society at the castle, and, for a time, greatly affected the respect and deference paid to its lord. It was whispered that he had certainly been imprudent. That he had gone rather too far in trying an Irish prince by a court-martial of common soldiers, who, if he had made any defence, could not have understood it, and who were utterly ignorant of the charge under which they condemned him.

Bagnal soon observed these whisperings. He had foreseen some of the consequences of the desperate step he had made; yet now that they came crowding around him, his resolution was severely tried. He had been led step by step into a career of crime, which required a more daring spirit than even he possessed to go through with. But he knew that there was no receding, and that his safety now required him to proceed. He determined to summon all the vigour and energy which this crisis of his fortune required. He would, at least, continue to wear the mask of gloom and reserve, which had now become natural to him, to baffle the keen eyes of the venal crowd which surrounded him, though terror should sit like an incubus on his heart.

He lived in a state of alienation with his friend Colonel Marvel, and with his sister. Coldness and distance had grown up between them, and he felt that the fault was his. This occurred without any explanation given or asked, nevertheless the hearts upon both sides had once been too intimate, not to feel the force and character of the changes which were operating upon all. There was a sorrowful feeling of the new positions which they were each assuming

towards the other, and which they were, perhaps, destined to preserve for life.

Marvel had been at once admitted to assume his place, in relation to Miss Bagnal, which he had always preserved at Bagnal's Close. It was a place of cordial intimacy and familiar intercourse, — so familiar, as to mark distinctly its character to be friendship, and nothing more. He, too, had a perception of the truth as to the nature of Miss Bagnal's feelings towards him; but it was not a clear perception, because the hopes at the bottom of his heart, created a cloud about his judgment that took away all distinct vision from this faculty. It might still be love, he thought, or it might still become love, the infant germ of which must have existed in their childhood, enveloped in the soft down of childish intimacy.

On the day on which all this alarming intelligence arrived, the company at the castle sat down to dinner with less disposition to merriment than usual. Additional gloom sat on the brow of the Marshal, under cover of which he was occupied in observing, narrowly, the demeanour of his guests. Miss Bagnal was silent and melancholy. Colonel Marvel was thoughtful. The expectant clergy looked blank. And

the adventurers and undertakers were agitated with various perplexities and apprehensions. One of this class, a youth remarkable for a careless gaiety, soon became impatient of the dullness of the table, and made several efforts to restore the wonted hilarity of the Marshal's board.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Goosbery, "I can see nothing in the news we have had to-day which ought to prevent us talking and laughing as usual. Our good friend, the bishop, I am sure, will tell you, that in all cases we should trust in Providence and be cheerful; and for me, if you value aught the authority of Jack Goosbery, I say — a short life and a merry one. What say you, my Lord Bishop?"

"I say," replied the Bishop, "that you are a very able theologian and philosopher, and that I concur with you entirely."

"I hope," said the Marshal, "that in the news of to-day, there is no gentleman here who finds any thing to disturb him. That the M'Mahons should attempt to recover by violence what they forfeited by treason, was to be expected. Her Majesty's government was well aware that this attempt would be made, and we should rather rejoice if it have the effect of making those who are traitors in their

hearts, throw off the mask they have been wearing. There will be the more lands for the gentlemen around me, more parishes for our friends in the church, and the jurisdiction of the civil officers in their counties, will, perhaps, be more than a legal fiction." This speech restored the spirits of the company: all laughed and applauded.

"We march to-morrow," resumed the Marshal, addressing the military officers. "Rebellion must not be allowed to mature her plans at leisure, and we must use the severity which the occasion demands."

"Few of our commanders," said an old undertaker, who sat at the foot of the table, "have had the wisdom or courage to use such a wholesome severity as your Lordship. What a different state would the country be now in, if, instead of temporising with the Irish, who are our natural enemies, we were to cut them off root and branch, and plant the country anew with Saxons, as they call us. I propose to your Lordship to drink the health of the brave jurors who made short work with old M'Mahon: — 'Success to them, and more confiscations in Ireland.'" Saying this, he filled his glass to the brim, and drank it off. The Lord Marshal

did the same, and he was followed by all the guests at the table, except Colonel Marvel and a few other military men, whose refusal the Marshal did not think right to notice. This toast passed afterwards into celebrity, under the name of the "Glorious Memory," and became the test of loyalty and Protestantism in Ireland down to the reign of William, when the important transactions of that period gave it another object; without, however, losing in the altered application any thing of its original character. "The Glorious Memory," whether applied to the murder of M'Mahon by a sham tribunal, or to the triumphs of William in the field, was still the shiboleth of blood and spoil.

"As to the charity and humanity of the proposition," said Captain Condor, "I shall leave that to the bishop, and the other clerical gentlemen who have drunk the toast; but as a soldier, I may observe, that it may not be so easy an achievement as Mr. Twitchem thinks, to put all the Irish to the sword. If he had as much experience as I have had in dealing with them at that weapon, he would not talk so flippantly about the matter. The Irish understand a little of the game, too, and sometimes give us enough of it."

"As to planting the country with English," said the bishop, "I can't say I entirely approve of it. I doubt whether the poor Irish would not answer our purpose quite as well, if we could get rid of the chiefs who lay claim to the lands, and the priests who adhere so pertinaciously to the parishes. Our friend, Corporal Traverse, who has made so handsomely by undertaking forfeited lands, since he left the army, knows that they pay more rent, and are satisfied with worse treatment, than Englishmen would be. They have been accustomed to ill-usage, which is a great advantage. Even in the way of tithe, I protest I would as lief deal with these poor papists, as with any of my own sturdy countrymen, who have their heads stuffed with notions of right and law, and such fooleries, about which an Irishman knows nothing at all. I imagine, that even my friend, the corporal himself, would be more difficult to deal with, in a case of tithe or church-rate, than one of these M'Mahons."

All the company laughed, and the corporal admitted it to be true. He said, "he had no objection to the Irish as under-tenants, when sufficiently broken in. They had, no doubt, the good quality which the bishop had men-

tioned, of bearing a great deal of ill-usage patiently, and of knowing nothing of law and right, and such matters; at least, according to our notions of them. They were apt, however, when driven a little too hard, to turn upon their drivers, and make desperate work for a short season. But I have served long enough," said the corporal, with a look full of wisdom, "to know how to manage them."

"I have heard, Corporal Traverse," said Colonel Marvel, "that you were bound to plant your lands with English."

"Yes, generally," said the corporal; "but every one knows that it could not be done. Where could I get English for all these lands? And then, they would want as good bargains as myself; and, after a short time, they are sure to become undertakers, instead of tenants, and spoil my trade."

"You, gentlemen undertakers," said an adventurer, who sat near the Marshal, "run away with all the profits in these affairs, and leave to us the hard knocks."

"As to hard knocks," replied the corporal, "I have had my share of them in my time; nor need those who get lands in the lump, without rent, or purchase-money, grudge us, poor hum-

ble followers, our gleanings. We are but the gleaners of the great harvest, which the adventurers of the sword and the cassock have reaped in this happy land. The latter gentry are not the worst off: they get tithes and church-lands without the incumbrance of congregation, service, sermon, or pater-noster. The poor Irish enemy, as we call them, (and if they are our enemy, it is no great wonder, for we are certainly no friends of theirs,) are blind enough to reject all our spiritual gifts, which we endeavour to make so much more efficacious to their eternal welfare, by taking away from them all the temptations and stumbling-blocks of temporal possessions, as my lord the bishop knows."

"Yes," said the bishop, gravely, "poverty of spirit is hardly reconcileable with full purses, and large estates."

"Except," said Corporal Traverse, "where we are orthodox of faith, and untainted with the superstitions and abominations of the Roman lady; then, I think, wealth may be properly combined with piety."

"Oh! no doubt of it. In such a case, every thing is lawful: — to the pure, all is pure," said the bishop.

"And what are you to do, my lord bishop," said Colonel Marvel, "with these new flocks, which you have so piously and scripturally acquired? You cannot instruct them, for they will not listen to you; and if they did, they could not understand your language, and you unluckily have not got the gift of tongues."

"Then you see, colonel, we stand excused; for, no doubt, if we were intended for this ministry, the gift of tongues would have been conferred upon us. We take, in the mean time, the gifts of livings and benefices, which you see *are* conferred upon us, waiting, with all humility, for the gift of tongues in due season."

This speech was universally applauded as a master-piece of reason and argument, and the conversation now took another turn, of less interest.

Miss Bagnal had taken no part in this conversation, and she now left the room accompanied by the ladies. She was soon followed by Colonel Marvel and the bishop. The colonel informed her, that though the army would march in the morning under the command of the marshal, he should remain as before in charge of the castle and garrison.

"My friend Bagnal and I," said the colonel, "do not agree upon some points of Irish policy, and we differ every day, I think more and more widely."

"And what is your opinion, Marvel, of the dangers that now threaten us?"

"I know not what to think; we certainly have no force equal to contend with what is reported to be arrayed against us. Our little army is excellent, and in good order, but De Burgo's array is also good, and M'Mahon can command a considerable corps of irregular troops. If the Earl Tyrone is really disposed to attack us, it will be a hard struggle, and I doubt whether the Lord Deputy, in his present humour, will give us any aid; but you need not fear for the castle, it is strong, and shall be well defended."

"And do you think it likely that the Lord Tyrone would attack the queen's marshal?"

"Indeed I do not; Lord Tyrone is ever extremely prudent and circumspect; he is, besides, reported to be in great favour with the queen, and I should think he would not lightly throw away the advantages he enjoys. But again, it is certain that he has assumed the high title and dignity of THE O'NEIL, and has

surrounded himself with a formidable military array, much more than could be necessary to maintain even the splendid pretensions of his house. The young men throughout his whole territory are trained to arms, and he is known to be in correspondence with the great powers of the continent, particularly France and Spain. After all, he is a man of so much talent, that he is not likely to remain quiet."

"Do you think that a man of talent must necessarily become a rebel."

"Almost necessarily in Ireland. Can he countenance or support the spoilers of his country? must he not be driven to oppose them? Neither will he always consider this opposition as rebellion, but rather as a noble and patriotic effort against a foreign foe."

"And are the English regarded as a foreign foe in Ireland?"

"Certainly as yet in no other light; and if they continue to use their authority here as they have done, they will be strangers and enemies in Ireland in a couple of centuries hence, if our dominion last so long. At present it is in great peril. If O'Neil goes seriously to work, he will shake our empire to its foundation, and we, who are grasping at estates

with so little conscience or caution, will find our titles very precarious. O'Neil is a man, — but surely," said the colonel, turning short round, and looking Miss Bagnal steadily in the face, "Miss Bagnal knows much better than I do what sort of man Lord Tyrone is."

The suddenness and manner of the appeal made the young lady blush deeply, but she recovered herself instantly. "Upon my word, Marvel, you startled me; I thought you were about to make some serious accusation. I do indeed know Lord Tyrone, and have reason to think with great kindness of him; but of his superior qualities of mind, his talents and ambition, Colonel Marvel is a much better judge, and upon these points I would desire to be instructed by him."

"And why would you wish to know any thing about these matters?" said Marvel, with an eye still steadily fixed upon the lady's face.

"Do you think I am indifferent to my brother's safety or reputation, notwithstanding his coldness to me, and unhappily his cruel and tyrannical conduct in his government? Is there not almost a confederacy against him? and if Lord Tyrone take the field, can it be a

matter that does not concern me to be able to weigh his talents or judge of his capacity?"

Marvel, without replying to this, asked her if she had heard that O'Neil had applied to Rome to be separated from his wife.

"You are, no doubt, my lord," said the lady, turning abruptly to the bishop, "you are, no doubt, rejoiced at the prospect of taking possession of your diocess, and your lady will be glad to find herself at home."

"Why, really," said the bishop's lady, "my lord seems so careless about the matter, that I don't know what to think. And we are so comfortably situated here, and the Lord Marshal is so good, that I am sometimes inclined to imagine this to be our home. So far from wishing to leave this hospitable roof, I am really terrified to death at the thought of living in the midst of these wild people, who must, no doubt, consider us as enemies and intruders.

"For the short time I have been amongst them," said Miss Bagnal, "I have observed they are easily won by a little kindness, and I think with proper caution you will have little to fear. The bishop's easy temper and good humour will do more to ensure your safety

than a company of foot. Don't you think so, Colonel Marvel?"

"I am entirely of your opinion," said the colonel; "our friend, Corporal Traverse, would tell you that you should be generous to them, give away much, and allow them to take more; laugh with them, and talk with them familiarly, and then, according to the corporal, you may exact what you please, and pay yourself upon the double."

"But his," said Miss Bagnal, "are but the calculations of a trader; his jokes and good humour are but wares with which he traffics; when my lord bishop settles in his diocess, he need only be just and good natured, and, in general, he will be safe."

"But Miss Bagnal will consider, that as the people do not need our good bishop's services at all in a clerical way, it will be prudent to use some caution; they are a shrewd people, but with all their sagacity may not be able to make out his lordship's right to the profits and emoluments of a bishoprick where there are no congregations.

"I have heard," said the lady, "that the people were willing to submit to some of the incongruities of our system, in order to be re-

lieved from the tyrannous dominion of their chiefs."

"It has been said so, and in some particular instances I have known it true; but I believe that, generally, it is a mistake. However, if the people had ever any fancy of that kind, we English have effectually cured them of it. At present it would be hard to find an Irishman who would exchange the patriarchal dominion of his chief, which was little more than that of the father of a family, (where the title of every individual of the household was fully acknowledged to a portion of the common stock,) for the pride and exclusive rights of a Saxon lord."

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, Miss Bagnal rose early, to see the troops muster in the court-yard for the march. She felt a deep interest in this projected expedition, which all her information represented as full of danger. She could not think of her brother's conduct without being weighed down with sorrow and humiliation. It seemed to her, as if his bright career, which guilt had so early stained, was now about to set for ever.

It was a cloudless morning in spring, and as she gazed from the castle window upon the bustle in the court-yard, her eyes filled with tears. She thought of what her brother once was, so kind, so good; his unsullied honour, his strict integrity, his early success and reputation in arms, now stained indelibly.

The great gate of the court-yard was at length thrown open, and the troops marched out huzzaing gaily as they went. Miss Bag-

nal, unused to such scenes, thought it an affecting spectacle. The high spirits of the troops, so many of whom were never more to return, the gay tumult within the narrow limits of the castle yard, the stillness and solitude of the surrounding scene, the shouts of the soldiers repeated by the hills, and coming back in low and melancholy moanings from the distant defiles of the mountains, like the voices of the fates warning them of those dangerous passes.

The soldiers were now gone, and she sat down in the narrow window to indulge fully her feelings and her tears. After a while, she thought she heard a sigh near her, — it was her brother. He was the last person she would have expected to see. His manner towards her had been constantly cold and distant, and he had always avoided giving any explanation, or assigning any cause.

" You are surprised to see me here, Lucy," said he ; " and I must own that you have reason. My coming into this room was accidental ; and your tears and emotion have, for the second time within a few days, affected me, and brought back to my memory those scenes of our youth, so long banished. But, Lucy, you are hardly to regard me as your brother any longer. I am

changed. I am no longer what I was; — perhaps not even your tears would have moved me now, if my mind were not shaken to its centre by the visions of my pillow last night. Those visions commenced in mockery, and terminated in horror. They came upon my mind, all bright and beauteous, like the flowing of a gentle summer's tide, — then, changing instantly, they presented a fierce and raging element, devouring human souls."

"Oh, my brother!"

"The scenes of my youth, full of innocence and happiness, were acted over again, and the feelings of that blissful period were renewed in my heart. Then came the events of manhood, and the strong and woeful delusions of maturer age, followed by their fatal consequences. I will own to you, Lucy, that my very soul was shaken in its seat. Such is the boasted resolution of the Lord Marshal, who holds provinces in chains, and whose inflexible spirit is the theme of so much eulogy."

"By whatever agency your mind may have been touched, my dear brother," said Lucy Bagnal, "it must have been from heaven. God spoke of old to his servants in dreams, Henry, and warned them of danger."

"These are womanish notions. I know my weakness, even while I yield to the powerful spell that masters my mind. These delusions" —

"Ah! do not call them delusions, which restore Henry Bagnal to his native nobleness of soul."

"Nobleness! — Have I not murdered the good old chieftain for his lands, who confided in me, and, I verily believe, loved me? — Have I not crushed the poor of my province, in order to amass wealth? — Have I not — but I will not tell you what I have done. Would you believe it? — It is absolutely shameful to tell it; but it was the spirit of this lake, such as these wild people paint him, with his wings of clouds, his arms stretching to the poles, and his head amongst the twinkling stars, — it was he who visited me last night, and told me the terrible story of my guilt, and painted such a picture of future woe and retribution, that I cannot tear it from this place."

"My dear Henry, — oh! let this warning, which is surely from the throne of mercy, have its full effect. I would not add to the acuteness of your present feelings by looking back upon your past conduct; but, while you pause in the

dreadful course you have been pursuing, make one firm and fixed resolution, and turn away from it for ever."

"Lucy, I have not paused," said he, solemnly. "I cannot turn away from the course I have commenced. My fate is decided. I must proceed. I must add crime to crime, and horror to horror, till my destiny be fulfilled; and then"—

"But why, my brother, do you entertain these dreadful ideas? Why should you think that guilt and perdition was fated for you?—Oh! no; these are fated for no mortal, still less for one whose early life was nursed in the lap of virtue."

"Yes; but this cursed country, and more cursed people.—Oh! that I had remained a plough-boy at Bagnal's Close, and served my brother as his menial servant, rather than have sought fortune and distinction in scenes of blood, and contests of ambition!"

"How many have risen to eminence in Ireland, Henry, without a stain upon their honour?"

"It is a romance. There are few:—there are none such. But ambition, and the paltry distinctions of rank, would not have ruined me

utterly: — more was wanting to complete the destruction of the devoted Bagnal."

"And what, Henry, beside the love of fortune and distinction, could have led you into these unhappy errors?"

"Shall I tell you? —Yes; for this one short moment I shall have no reserve; — it was a woman."

"Indeed! A woman! You, Henry?"

"Yes; you may well be surprised. I was the last in the world to be caught in this wretched folly; yet so it was; for I was predestined to ruin. I loved one who abhorred me; one who viewed me as the murderer of her husband, and the enemy of her country. That I should love at all was strange, and out of character; but, that I should love an Irish woman, was more wonderful still. This fatal, monstrous passion has wrung my reason from its place, and withered my heart to its core."

"This is most surprising, — most afflicting, indeed," said Miss Bagnal. "I scarcely could have hoped that you could ever have felt the influence of our sex. My fondest wishes would have been accomplished, if this passion had been happy; nor should I, my dear brother, have objected to an Irish woman for my nearest

relative. I am not disposed to think so hardly of the Irish as you unfortunately do."

"No," said he, looking at her with great amazement; but again recollecting himself, he added, slowly, "I should have known that; but let it pass. Lucy, my love was scorned; my utmost assiduities were unavailing. What could I effect, with a mind absorbed in superstition, and a heart noble, indeed, and pure; but wedded, with an obstinate and perverse attachment, to its own vile and unworthy country and kindred; and so abject and grovelling in its tastes, that no splendour could dazzle it, or pomp or enjoyment of life could waken new emotions."

"And what, then, occurred?"

"My love, scorned and despised, took the shape of hatred and disgust towards all human race. I never was fond of my species; though, in my youth, I was gentle and tender-hearted, yet I despised mankind. And this nation — I hated it from the first hour I set foot upon Irish ground. Even my passion, while there was hope, did not reconcile me to it; and when hope fled, all my antipathies came thickening upon my spirit, like dark clouds, adding to the gloom and intensity of my hatred. I war with it now, as with one that has deeply

injured me, towards whom I have no measures to keep. Against this enemy, every thing is lawful; and all the common rights of humanity are blotted out by the bitterness of my abhorrence."

"Oh, Henry! — this, indeed, corresponds with some of those dreadful deeds; but surely"—

"Nay, Lucy," — I have almost done — ambition, with all its frauds and violence, is an occupation for me; its crimes and perils are necessary excitements, and serve to turn the boiling current of the passions into channels of less agony. I commenced my career of ambition upon a cold and deliberate system, I must continue it now as a means of escape from torment. I have no more to say — and why, you will ask, did I make all this confession so unusual to me? I do not know — but I felt my heart like a dark thunder cloud, the lightning which was enveloped in its gloom would make its way through; it went forth to my own astonishment and yours — and it has relieved me, I think. I feel myself better — we shall never more talk upon these subjects."

"Say not so," dear Henry — "let not the confidence so happily restored between us end here. Am I not your only relative in this

country? — are you not my only friend and protector?"

"Have you forgotten th protection of the great O'Neil?"

"No, but I thought O'Neil was your friend?" —

"My friend! — but perhaps he was — I think I did say so — well, I have something more to say to you on this subject — but not now; — there are the trumpets of my cavalry — I must away — Marvel commands in the Castle."

Miss Bagnal sought to detain her brother, and to prolong the conversation which he had so strangely and unexpectedly introduced. But he would not now be detained, and breaking from her, she saw him, in a few minutes, mount his horse in the castle-yard, and ride away attended by two dragoons.

She continued where he had left her in the window, musing upon her brother's story — it was amazing. His love and his hatred were equally subjects of astonishment. From his infancy he had been reserved in his temper, and vehement in his passions and prejudices; yet in ordinary intercourse he had been ever gentle and quiet. If his love had been happy,

she thought it would ultimately have subdued his prejudices, and led him back to humanity and virtue by the sweetest path by which man escapes from sin. And is it a hopeless case? Her brother perhaps had been rude and impatient, he was an ungentle and unpractised wooer. Finally, she determined to take up the matter. She knew that the beautiful widow of the brave governor of Carrickrohan, who had in the chances of war fallen for awhile into the hands of the Marshal, was the intractable fair one of the present case. She had heard somewhat of the matter before, but had not credited the story, so much at variance did it seem with the character of her brother. She now thought that she knew so much of her own sex, as to be able to entertain a confident hope of setting all right yet between the inexorable widow and the hapless Marshal.

This led her into the consideration of various schemes and contrivances; and while thus agreeably employed she was summoned to dinner. The company at table were greatly diminished; and the gloom which had been gathering about the Marshal's board on a preceding evening, sat heavily now upon the company. The probable fate of the expedition

occupied every mind. The churchmen looked blank and desolate; and the undertakers were restless and perplexed. Marvel, who sat at the head of the table, was solemn and thoughtful, and gave short answers, and little satisfactory, to the questions which the anxieties of his guests prompted. — In what time might the army be expected to return? The colonel could not venture to say. After this ensued a long silence, which was broken by the bishop venturing to enquire, what might be the force of De Burgo?

Upon this point the colonel was ignorant or unwilling to give a direct reply; and he merely said, that he was not accurately informed. "I knew Colonel Filbert formerly," continued the bishop, "in Yorkshire, and I should think him little qualified to meet the Lord President as a soldier — he was a precise, pragmatical little man."

"I assure you, my lord bishop," said the commandant, "that Colonel Filbert has the reputation of being a good commander and a brave man, and I believe he deserves it."

This information did not raise the drooping spirits of the guests, and no more was said till the whole company rose from table, and sought

consolation in a more private interchange of hopes and fears.

In the morning, various rumours were in circulation, of accidents which had occurred to the army. Of risings of the O'Donnels; of suspicious movements by the O'Neil; and, lastly, of a considerable force of Scottish rovers, said to be in the pay of O'Neil, and approaching, it was thought, to make a diversion in favour of De Burgo and M'Mahon. It was known that more than one express had arrived at the castle before day dawn, and that others had been dispatched by the commandant; and that since an early hour, he had been anxiously employed in inspecting the defences of the fortress.

At breakfast the alarm of the guests had reached a painful state of irritability; but the rumours afloat could not be traced to any source of authority; and they were not on that account the less terrific.

The responses of the commandant were even more short and oracular than before, and little calculated to appease fear, or satisfy curiosity. Miss Bagnal was not less uneasy than other inmates of the castle, but she forbore enquiry, which she saw could not, or ought not to be gratified.

It was yet early when Miss Bagnal, tempted by the fineness of the day, strolled out to enjoy a solitary walk upon the beautiful banks of Lough Erne. Occupied by her own thoughts, and seduced from point to point by the new and increasing attractions of the scenery, which displayed at every interval new forms and combinations of loveliness. She continued to walk on, proposing that each point should be the termination of her walk, and still proceeding; till she was warned by the sun descending upon the lake, and reminding her that she could no longer delay her return. At this moment Colonel Marvel presented himself before her.

Miss Bagnal was not displeased to have his company homewards, for she now recollected that the distance must be considerable, and began to be sensible to some sensation of fear. She was glad, also, to have an opportunity of making inquiries concerning her brother, and the state of affairs in his government, which she did not choose to embarrass the commandant by making in public.

Colonel Marvel said, that "having missed her from the castle, he inquired the direction

she had taken, and had come in search of her. He assured her, that few of the gentlemen under the roof of the fortress would have had the boldness to venture so far from the range of its guns, and congratulated her upon her courage and intrepidity."

"It was more inconsiderateness than courage, I believe," said the lady; "and I deserve censure, perhaps, rather than praise; but the people I met with in my walk did not show the least disposition to molest me. I seemed to stroll with as much safety as at Bagnal's Close."

"You have not, then, entirely forgotten the happy days of *our* village life."

"No, indeed; the quiet and slumbering tranquillity of that life had its pleasures."

"Is it possible you could have acquired a taste for the *animation* of such scenes as are now acted in Ireland?"

"Indeed I have not; but what do you think of the reports which have frightened all our people at the castle, colonel? Is my brother in danger, or what have you learned concerning him? I will be discreet; you may confide in me."

"I am sorry," said Marvel, "that I have no very satisfactory information to communicate.

Your brother and his army are safe; nothing decisive has yet taken place; but appearances certainly indicate a storm springing up all around us, and requiring that we should be quick in action. The O'Donnels are mustering; and it is certain that there is a very large force of Scottish rovers, under an old and experienced commander lying to the north of us — the whole kingdom, in fact, is in commotion on account of the unhappy execution of M'Mahon."

"But might not this storm, by good management, blow off."

"I fear not; and I fear we cannot hope for the good management the exigency demands. The British cabinet is alarmed; but it is also divided upon the policy to be adopted towards this country, and will probably have recourse to some half measures, which will satisfy no party, and give us no security."

"It is rumoured that the Lord Deputy, and some even of the English cabinet, are to have portions of M'Mahon's lands."

"I am afraid it is too true; the interests of the crown of England, in this fine country, have ever been sacrificed to the avarice, or the personal ambition of its servants — even the highest

of them. And, unfortunately, the Irish require little excitement to take up arms. They have now not only good reason, but a great concurrence of circumstances in their favour."

"What are these? the chief of them is to be found in the talents and energy of your friend, O'Neil."

"I cannot think that he can be seriously the enemy of the crown of England, under which he served so long, and from which he received so many favours."

"O'Neil has too much talent not to be able to justify, at least very speciously, whatever he does or undertakes."

They had now arrived, on their return, at a little cove on the margin of the lake, sheltered by projecting points of land. A small fishing boat lay at anchor in this little harbour, and near it, close to the water, upon a smooth strand, was a large stone, or piece of rock projecting from the earth, which seemed to have been used for a seat, and now afforded the lady and her companion a convenient place of rest. They sat down; for Miss Bagnal was a little fatigued; the views from this spot were calm and magnificent. The sun was setting on the western verge of the lake, and threw a glow of surprising

glory upon the still water, and the motionless woods that fringed its border. In some parts the great trees stood close together, descending into little vallies, and forming dark masses of shade, out of the reach of the streaming crimson light; farther on they appeared more dispersed upon the level ground, and the evening sun was reflected calmly from the yellow pasture beneath the trees. To the right they were seen climbing the high hills, until they stood as a crown of dignity upon the mountains' brow, and nodded over the landscape.

The lake displayed its numerous islets like a sheet of silver set with emeralds, and the gentle waters murmured at the lady's feet, approaching and receding — "more disposed," observed Colonel Marvel, "to do homage to beauty, than to worship pride; the wave that spurned the sceptre of Canute, kissed the feet of loveliness."

This was a high and unusual strain for Colonel Marvel, and from such pretty compliments, and his eloquent description of the noble landscape before them, the lady sought anxiously, at every interval, to bring him back to the less poetical subjects of war and politics, and the perils her brother was about to run.

"I have not concealed from you," said the colonel, "the dangers that threaten us; nevertheless, I would not have you fall into the error of magnifying them. If your brother strikes boldly and decidedly, as I have no doubt he will, you will see how speedily all these dark clouds will be dissipated. How the great earl will cease his vauntings, and the Scotch rovers measure back their course to their own shores, and the O'Donnels, and all the host of O's and Macs, will bend the knee to the throne of Britain. An Irish storm is soon gathered, and soon blown off."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Marvel; you have relieved my heart."

"Then, in fairness and justice, you cannot refuse to relieve mine."

"How? What can I do for Colonel Marvel's heart?"

"Can Lucy Bagnal be ignorant of the long cherished hopes of Charles Marvel, her playfellow in childhood, her early friend and companion? And why that cold appellation, *Colonel Marvel?*"

"I have never been insensible, Marvel, to your claims upon my friendship and regard; these are your's, and have always been so; but,

farther than these — alas! these are not times or scenes to entertain a thought."

"Say, rather, that there is no scene or time in which you could entertain a thought farther than this of Marvel."

"I could say nothing harsh to my best and most valued friend, the friend of my infancy and childhood; and yet could I wrong him so much, as not to wrest, at once, from a heart so worthy and so noble, a sentiment that is beneath it, and a partiality that is injurious, because its too much honoured and undeserving object is unhappy enough not to return it."

"Oh! this is cruel, Lucy Bagnal; in vain you would conceal from your victim the wound you inflict. I feel it here; but I will not cease to hope. Oh! I beseech you, suffer me to hope. Why did I, unambitious as I was, leave my paternal home, and the humble independence I enjoyed, but to seek, even in this wretched land, devoted to blood and rapine, that fortune which Lucy Bagnal was entitled to? Why have I, even in the midst of the horrors of an Irish war, refused to win that fortune, except by honourable means, and preserved my character unsullied, and my reputation unimpeached, but that I might still be worthy of you; and that

love like your's should not be sought unworthily. Oh! suffer me to hope, and I will endure every evil; even time itself, if you are not all inexorable."

"I grieve for you, Marvel; I mourn for myself. I am not worthy of such love, or of such a lover; indeed, I am not. There is a spell, surely, over my poor brother's lot and mine. We have taken different courses of error and unhappiness. In his, perhaps, there is more guilt; in mine, something tells me, hardly less misery. And yet, I know not why, or from what quarter it can come. But this, surely, is very bitter. Marvel, I must not trifle with such a heart as your's; I cannot love you; — You must pity and forgive me; I cannot ever love you."

Marvel was silent and motionless for an instant, as one riven and blasted by the lightning. Then rising, he said,

"It is enough — Lucy Bagnal, it is enough — a decision so peremptory could not be without a cause. If I had been merely indifferent to you, there would have been another manner of rejection. I owe this spoliation of all hope to Miss Bagnal's other partialities."

"I would even bear this imputation, if my friend could derive any consolation from it;

but, surely, it would become his noble mind to sustain itself upon a foundation of more truth and worthiness. I have, indeed, no such partialities as you insinuate."

"Take care you do not deceive yourself, Lucy Bagnal; but I have done. I will not afflict or torment you further, if I can. It is enough that you cannot love me. But why — No; I will not complain. And yet bear with me, Lucy; if, in the dissolving and melting away of the bright vision which was so long before the eye of my imagination, and formed so large a portion of my happiness, all airy as it was — bear with me; if, in the darkness which has taken its place, I become unjust and morose in the excess of my misery."

Miss Bagnal was about to reply, when a dragoon from the castle arrived upon the strand in a foam, and interrupted further conversation.

He brought dispatches from the army. Colonel Marvel sat down again to peruse them, and Miss Bagnal, attended by the soldier, took her way to the castle.

When Miss Bagnal reached the castle, she felt ill and unhappy, and retired to her chamber. The following morning she was really in-

disposed, and continued to keep her apartment for that, and for many days after. Marvel's inquiries and attentions were unceasing, and guided by the utmost delicacy and tenderness. He appeared to have forgotten their quarrel, or to have laid aside his despair.

Meanwhile, the accounts from the army, which, in the commencement of its operations, were rather encouraging, assumed a more unpromising character. The young M'Mahon had waged a Fabian war with the Marshal in the passes and defiles of his difficult country; and, in this game of protracted and desultory warfare, he was ably supported by Colonel Filbert, who commanded the well-disciplined corps of De Burgo.

The Marshal's little army was wasting fast away without having accomplished any thing decisive, while the enemy still kept the field in full force; and though many of his parties had been routed, he appeared to lose nothing in activity or strength.

CHAPTER IV.

At length the fears and alarms of the inmates of Erne Castle were unexpectedly relieved by intelligence that the Lord Deputy was approaching; and that he had concluded a treaty, or temporary arrangement of some kind, with O'Donnel, De Burgo, M'Mahon, and Sorleboy, who commanded the Scotch auxiliaries. This truce, or treaty, it appeared, was negociated through the agency of O'Neil, and contrary to the advice and opinion of Marshal Bagnal, who feared and distrusted the northern earl too much to enter into any scheme in which he was a party.

The Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam, was now about to be removed from the government of Ireland, and Bagnal suspected his object (as it really was) to be no more than to leave, at any risk, the country enjoying an appearance of tranquillity. O'Neil's purpose he conjectured to be to gain time for further preparation, while

he secured the advantages already obtained, for such they were considered by the Irish. He did not doubt that O'Neil was, in fact, at the head of the confederacy.

The Marshal was, however, compelled to submit; and he informed his friend, Colonel Marvel, that he would, in a few days, be at the castle, and desired that entertainment and accommodations should be provided for the Lord Deputy, and his staff who would accompany him; as well as for O'Donnel, O'Moore, Sorleboy, the Scotch chief, and other Irish and Scotch who were at present with the Deputy.

The scene was now changed at Erne Castle; and this magnificent residence blazed again with more than its former brilliancy and gaiety. Miss Bagnal, somewhat recovered from her late indisposition, was induced to mingle in the throng of guests that now crowded her brother's castle; and, as an English woman of rank and beauty, she was an object of interest and attraction to all. Nor was she herself uninterested by the singular shades and contrasts of character which the assemblage before her presented, and which she was now, perhaps, more capable of estimating and judging of, than when such a spectacle was first presented to her view in the

castle of Dublin, at the close of Sir John Perrott's administration.

The present group was rather more varied, in consequence of the addition of the Scottish officers. The most singular character of these was old Sorleboy himself, the commander, who brought with him about a thousand of his kilted countrymen. These lay encamped in the neighbourhood of the castle. When Sorleboy entered the castle, in the train of the Lord Deputy, while riding onwards, surrounded by a multitude of English and Irish officers; one of the former pointed his attention to a human head fixed upon a spike over the gateway, and asked him, did he know his son's head? Sorleboy looked up for an instant steadily, and knew the head of his son, Alexander Clanhuboy; then turning to the brutal person who had pointed it out, he said with a stern countenance, and a deep voice, "My son hath many heads," pointing, at the same time, to the long line of blue bonnets which were now visible on the shores of the lake, and were seen winding, at intervals, through the trees.

Sandy Clanboy, as he was called, was the eldest and bravest of Sorleboy's sons; but he had, a few months before, been defeated by the

Marshal, in a desperate, though trivial and casual conflict, the force upon both sides being small. Clanhuboy was killed, and the Marshal ordered his head to be spiked on his gateway, upon the ground that he was acting as a robber and freebooter merely; and it was true, that Clanhuboy's operations, at that time, might have deserved that character. It was not uncommon for the Scotch, in the North of Ireland, to prey upon Irish and English indiscriminately, and to turn the calamities of the country to their own account; but it was more usual for them to accomplish this purpose in the character of auxiliaries and allies to one or other of the contending parties. Clanhuboy was a brave and gallant youth, and loved and admired by his own countrymen. When the account of his death was received in Scotland, his father collected the clan, and passing the strait between Portpatrick and Donoughadee, he appeared in Ireland at the head of a larger force than he had ever before brought with him. He marched rapidly, as it was understood, to meet the Marshal; but, having been visited by O'Neil, he halted; and finally, to the surprise of every one, consented to the truce proposed by the Deputy.

The coolness with which the old Scot noticed

his son's head, was a subject of general conversation in the castle, and increased the surprise which his consent to the truce, upon any terms, had given rise to. There was, indeed, a degree of dignity and suppressed vehemence, in the few words which he expressed upon the occasion, and many thought that the Scot was far from forgetting the death of his son, or forgiving the indignity offered to him.

But Sorleboy appeared one of the gayest and gallantest of the brilliant group of officers, who now surrounded and paid their court to Miss Bagnal; and it was soon very evident, that the young lady paid him a more marked and particular attention, than to any of the younger, handsomer, and more noble guests at the castle. Sorleboy was much past sixty years of age, of a particularly stern and forbidding countenance, the natural unamiableness of which was increased by some incisions which time had made, and several deeper, which the sword had traced.

It seemed as if some of the youthful Irish and English Lords, piqued by the attentions bestowed upon Sorleboy, were disposed to contest the prize with him in this field, which he appeared so little calculated to maintain. The lofty and amiable Earl of Kildare was conspicuous amongst these. He was young, and

beautiful in person. His character for courage and conduct in war, was only equalled by the gentleness of his manners, and generosity of his heart. He was the *beau ideal* of chivalry, and calculated, to a common eye, above all others, to win "the love of woman." But this mysterious *anima* "breatheth where it listeth" only, and often passes by every ordinary attraction, in search of the secret spell which answers to its sighing.

With the Earl of Kildare strove the gay and gallant O'Moore, highest amongst the Chiefs of Ireland in reputation, except "The O'Neil." But O'Moore was much younger, and far handsomer, than the Northern Chief. He was not considered inferior to O'Neil in council or in battle, and his character was more simple and direct. We dismiss the crowd of English, or *new* English, as they were called, who, from the circumstance of English birth, considered themselves vastly superior in dignity, to either the Irish of English race, or the *mere* Irish; and the common herd of these latter, all of whom looked upon themselves as entitled to be irresistible with the fair.

Miss Bagnal appeared merely vexed and annoyed by their attentions; and finally, from

pride, or pique, or good sense, they all, at length, desisted, and left old Sorleboy master of the field. She walked with him, she sat by his side when within doors, and appeared to take the deepest interest in his conversation; and yet it was observed, that her melancholy increased, as her association with the old Scot became more intimate. She was affected by his discourses, sometimes even to tears. Marvel watched her with a most anxious attention, but said nothing, or only looked his surprise and concern. Even her brother observed her conduct, and condescended to rally her upon her attachment to the weather-beaten Scotchman. But the reproachful glances of Colonel Marvel, her brother's raillery, and the offended vanity of the crowd of military at the castle, all failed to win her from the unaccountable fascinations of old Sorleboy's society.

Her conduct was ascribed to folly, vanity, pique, caprice, according to the humour or inclination of those who took the trouble to observe her. Marvel, at the bottom of whose heart hope still lurked in despite of reason, imagined he could account for so strange a preference, by considering, that a wounded mind would naturally choose the intercourse of age,

and seek repose in that gravity which would best suit its contemplations. Perhaps he was rather pleased and flattered, at a conduct which evinced a depth of feeling, the source of which, he thought, was plain to his eye, though it was concealed from all others. Their conference at the little cove, on the lake, had produced immediate illness and discomposure, which was but slightly removed when the strangers arrived at the castle.

Still there was something unaccountable and mysterious in her increasing melancholy; and the deep interest which seemed to rest upon this extraordinary intercourse. Time, perhaps, would explain it.

At length the terms of the truce, for no more could be arranged, were agreed to on both sides, and the Lord Deputy left the castle, and took his way to Dublin, to receive his successor, who was every moment expected there. The Deputy's little army drew off to the eastward, at the same moment that Sorleboy put his clan in motion for the north. The castle was about to be left again in its former loneliness.

It was dawn of day, when the Scotch and British troops marched on their separate routes. Miss Bagnal did not appear at break-

fast, though, during the stay of the strangers, she had been punctual in her attendance at the breakfast table. The Marshal said, that "she was probably in grief for the loss of old Sorleboy, and if he had not been a married man, and known to be fond of his wife, he should almost have suspected she intended to elope with him."

At dinner, Miss Bagnal was absent also, and the Marshal desired that she should be inquired for. — She was not in the castle. And now it appeared, that she had not been seen for the day. Finally, it was discovered that she had been up at day-break, and had on her riding dress. What was to be thought? Had she eloped with Sorleboy indeed? The idea of elopement was wholly at variance with the dignity and delicacy of Miss Bagnal's character. And with Sorleboy? It was out of the question. Sorleboy was old and married, the father of a numerous family, and a man of most forbidding character. Conjecture was exhausted upon the cause, or manner, of this mysterious disappearance; and, after every thing had been weighed and examined, again and again, the darkness was only redoubled, and the mystery made more inexplicable.

Whatever conclusions the gentlemen and ladies at the castle might arrive at, by means of calculations upon character and probabilities, the numerous and powerful corps of *servants* took another course, and satisfied themselves fully upon the matter, by a more simple process of argumentation. They resolved, without a dissenting voice, that Miss Bagnal had eloped with Sorleboy. She had been in his company every moment of leisure since she first saw him, and she had even neglected her usual pursuits and employments to devote herself entirely to this extraordinary stranger: — during all this time, her grief, her tears, her agitation, shewed the violence of her passion, and left no doubt of its character. And as to the Scotchman's age and ugliness, his being a married man, and of the rudest manners of his country, — it was extraordinary, no doubt, but it was easily accounted for. The young lady was bewitched.

The Scotch, particularly the Highlandmen, were dealers in magic, and held communication with the devil, as every one knew. The poor young lady was made the victim of the mountain seer's incantations, and that was all there was in the matter. These sagacious conclusions were somewhat strengthened by a few pieces

of circumstantial evidence, which were exclusively within the knowledge of the gentry of the servants' hall. It was known to these, by some means which do not appear, that the lady had communication with old Sorleboy on the morning of her disappearance, and had afterwards gone out, and proceeded in the direction of the Scottish quarters on the lake, and had not since then been seen.

Messengers were now despatched in every direction to make search and inquiry for the lost lady; and expresses were especially sent to Ulick's Tower, to the Lord Deputy on his march, and to the Scotch chief, to learn such tidings as might be procured. Most of these returned the following day, with accounts that nothing could be learned.

The Lord Deputy had halted his army and called together his officers, but the result of his inquiry was, that no officer of his corps was concerned in the affair. At Ulick's Tower they were equally innocent and ignorant. The Scots, it appeared, had marched with such astonishing rapidity, that the messenger could not reach them, and was stopt and sent back on the borders of O'Donnel's country, where he was informed that neither O'Donnel nor O'Neil

would suffer any English messenger to traverse their territory.

Colonel Marvel and the Marshal at length having learned, that Miss Bagnal had been abroad on the morning of the route, thought it most likely that she had risen to see the movements of the troops, and as she was known to be fearless, had probably ventured abroad, and been seized by some straggling party of Irish, perhaps the M'Mahons, who might have been sent out to observe the motions of the army. Measures were instantly taken to ascertain the truth of this conjecture, though with little hope of recovering the lady if it should turn out to be correct. The peasantry surrounding the castle were too hostile to give any information, even if they possessed it, and the M'Mahons were too exasperated to listen to any terms proposed by the Marshal. A negociation was, however, opened with much difficulty by Colonel Marvel, through the Lord of Ulick's Tower, to ascertain the fact, and to recover, if possible, by any means, the lady, but without any satisfactory result. Time passed away in fruitless enquiries and tormenting delays; and in the end, the whole matter remained as mysterious as in the beginning. Marvel was per-

suaded that she had been carried off by the implacable M'Mahons; the bishop thought that she had gone voluntarily with old Sorleboy; and he maintained, when he discussed the matter with some other clerical persons at the castle, that neither his age nor his want of beauty, nor yet his prior engagement, formed any insurmountable obstacle to such a natural solution of the enigma. "It is all matter of taste," said the bishop; "there are those who prefer the rugged and weather-beaten cliffs of Sorleboy's country, with their barren sublimity, to the rich and level plains, and trim scenery of England. And why may not this lady have become enamoured of the ancient Scot, and the romance that attaches itself to the character of these warriors of the cave, the mountain, and the mist? Has not Shakspeare the player, in his new publication, "The Moor of Venice," painted such a passion in the breast of the gentle Desdemona, for even an uglier and more forbidding fellow than our friend the heroic old chief of this band of Scotch robbers? The Moor, it is evident, from all the exploits he performed, could be no young man. He was as old, probably, as Sorleboy, and he hints as much himself; and I take it that Desdemona was younger

than Miss Bagnal. And as to the Scot being married and the Moor not, it does not make much difference when one is desperately in love."

A few more weeks did their ordinary business, and unfolded this puzzled web. The conjectures of the servant's hall, and those of my Lord Bishop, though not true, were nearest the truth. There is hardly any thing more deserving of admiration than the tact and sagacity of servants in discovering what is going on in families, notwithstanding the utmost caution which may be used in concealing these important movements from the lynx eyes of those animals.

Servants arrive, in general, more quickly and directly at the truth, because they judge chiefly or solely from facts, and embarrass themselves little with reasonings and arguments upon character. Their opinions too, of the purity and dignity of the species, are such as hardly ever to stand in the way of any conclusion, which they may be charitably disposed to draw from appearances before them. Corrupt themselves, and acquainted intimately with the vices and weaknesses of their superiors, they are at the same time little capable of appreciating their

virtues; and they are rather inclined to consider these as the mere effect of whim, or fancy, or folly, and to make little allowance for them, in judging of dubious circumstances. Their conclusions, therefore, though generally possessing a basis of truth, almost always exhibit some superstructure of error.

The Bishop, like the servants at the Castle, had no very exalted notions of the species; and as he was a man of some reading, the course of his studies, like the train of his personal experiences in Ireland, had tended rather to lower than to elevate his opinions of human wisdom and virtue. He had recently received a new play of Shakspeare's from London; and he thought that "the Moor of Venice" was exactly a parallel case with that of the Scot and Lucy Bagnal. The Bishop delighted in Shakspeare, with whose works he was familiar; but he took most pleasure in what we now consider to be the most objectionable portion of the works of the "Immortal Bard," his conceits and his indelicacy.

It was true that Miss Bagnal actually went off with old Sorleboy — so far the Bishop and the servants were right. But she had not become enamoured of the old Highlander,

either by natural or supernatural means. This ancient "son of the mist," had used no charm or incantation to lead the mind of the fair lady astray, or to exhibit his wrinkles and gaping scars to her charmed vision, as the smooth and blooming gracefulness of the Apollo. Either he had lost the power of magic, when he transfered his quarters from the blue summit of his native crags to the green fields of Ulster; or, perhaps, the innocent old man had in reality never possessed the powers so charitably attributed to him. He was equally guiltless of acting the part of the "Moor of Venice" to the fair Desdemona of Erne Castle. If there were a Moor in the case, Sorleboy was not the man.

We are bound, however, to confess that, Lucy Bagnal was in love. It is also true, that up to the period immediately preceding her flight from the Castle, the young lady was herself unconscious of the fact, or had no more than some confused intimations and suspicions concerning the matter. But the operations of the old Scot fully revealed to her this interesting secret; and raised such a commotion in her bosom, as hardly to be conceived.

Sorleboy was the agent of O'Neil — in love and politics. O'Neil knew, and fully relied upon

the ability and sagacity of the Scot. His instructions were, by force, stratagem, or persuasion, to bring with him the sister of the Lord Marshal. O'Neil loved her; and, though the subject had never been mentioned between them, nor any thing bordering upon it, yet he knew that she loved him. He was now divorced from his wife, and his intentions were honourable: and if force or surprise should be necessary, he relied upon his own address, and upon the lady's partiality, for his pardon.

In the whole transaction, there was, no doubt, somewhat of the rudeness and romance of the age; and perhaps somewhat also of O'Neil's character, daring and impetuous, yet brushing away the effects of his seeming rashness with an ease and skill that was astonishing; and perhaps relying somewhat too much on this dangerous felicity of talent.

Sorleboy was the friend and dependant of the northern Earl; and on this occasion, he more than justified the confidence placed in his skill and fidelity. He pleaded the cause of his friend in the ear of the anxious beauty, with more power and effect than possibly a younger man could have done. He saw, perhaps more clearly than O'Neil himself could have discerned it,

that the Chief was beloved; and he perceived at once the immense advantage which this gave him over the young lady with whose prudence and scruples he had to contend. And he used this advantage with all the effect and power which a cold and passionless person naturally possesses in any game of skill, over an antagonist tramelled with the affections.

Old Sorleboy was eloquent; and his eloquence was of that dangerous kind which wears the guise of homeliness. His thoughts were not clothed in the gaudy garb of rhetoric, but won their way to the heart the more readily, by the very simplicity of their attire.

Sorleboy was rude and uncultivated, but he was not vulgar; he possessed a natural energy and sagacity, which had given him in his own country and in Ireland a high reputation. Nor, when he would bend himself to domestic life, was he an unacceptable companion in the female circle, always charmed with vivacity and originality even in the homeliest garb.

Assailed by such an enemy without, and betrayed by the traitor in her bosom, it was not surprising that Lucy Bagnal yielded. O'Neil had entrusted Sorleboy with but a short note of a few words to her, merely referring

her to the Scot for full information. It has been said that woman's heart is an enigma. Here was a lady of extreme delicacy and reserve, and even gravity of character, suddenly argued by an old Scotch soldier into one of the strangest and wildest adventures possible. A more frivolous character would probably have been deterred by the danger; or have fled away from the proposal as too foolish and absurd, guarded by the instinctive feeling which shields imbecility.

Characters of more power depend more upon themselves; and when they are deluded into error, their career is more disastrous and full of misery. They run with the might of giants along the blazing course which is finally to consume them. They seek for no retreat or escape; because it is not of the nature of a superior mind to tread back upon its unhappy path, or to flee from the ruin it has made.

Miss Bagnal saw in the strongest light, the peril and the impropriety of the step she was urged to adopt. She thought, indeed, that the hand, the heart, the coronet, and principality of the O'Neil were worth winning, even by an uncommon sacrifice; and to do her justice, they were the former that she valued. But could she rely implicitly upon vows and protestations

made in so extraordinary a manner, and by such a proxy?

It was true, Sorleboy was a chief of undoubted honour; — he was a man who, though he was according to the fashion of his country, somewhat irregular in the mode and motives of his warfare, yet he held his word of honour inviolable; so said the voice of fame, and so said every individual, friend or foe, who had occasion to mention his name. But again it was well known what latitude such characters permitted themselves in regard to women.

To meet this objection, Miss Bagnal speedily recollected that, though gentlemen sometimes deceive the sex, it is ever for their own personal profit and account; and that no man of honour would act the part of deceiver for another's benefit. Satisfied, therefore, that Sorleboy spoke the truth, the question was, admitting that O'Neil loved with all the ardour and fondness he reported (and there was in her own consciousness some latent evidence to support the statement,) would it become her to go to meet her lover, contrary to the usage of the sex, and the common law of delicacy? Surely, it was not to be endured, that she should set out the first to seek the haughty chieftain. What would the world

think of such a step? What would her brother? What would Marvel think? The thought was intolerable. Could O'Neil himself do other than despise her for a proceeding so forward, indelicate, and unfeminine?

This decided her. She reflected, moreover, that there were rules and principles of female conduct, which should not be violated for any consideration that could be proposed. She would be governed by those rules; she would adhere strictly to those principles, and thus satisfied of her own correctness, she would commit the issue calmly to Providence. When she had reasoned herself into this frame of thought, she expected, as the natural result of correct thinking and virtuous action, to find her mind tranquil, and her heart at ease.

But in this she was sadly disappointed. Her mind continued agitated and suffering under the pressure of miserable disquiet; notwithstanding the correctness of her principles and reasonings, something in the bottom of her heart whispered, that for a poor punctilio, she gave up the man she loved, and all in rank and estate that could be valued in life. Was such a man as O'Neil, the renowned chief and prince, the able statesman, the gallant soldier, the ac-

complished gentleman — he whose talents and acquirements threw a blaze of glory round him, and made him the object of universal admiration in the field, in the cabinet, in the drawing-room; was such a man to be renounced for a mere form, or point of etiquette? Was not a rigid adherence to forms and modes of acting, whether the case was such as permitted their observance or not, rather a proof of weakness, than strength of mind?

Such doubts as these shook the tranquillity of her spirit. But her heart was still less at ease. Her passion for O'Neil was its first birth, and now that she had resolved its destruction, her heart was all desolate, "like Rachael wailing for her first-born, and would not be comforted." It was in vain that again and again she hushed it into peace. She had no sooner ceased the miserable labour, than the inconsolable heart, recurring to its sorrow, put forth once more its cry of agony; and, at length, the tired sufferer resigned herself to despair.

But, though despairing, she was not overcome. She struggled with her love, as a valiant soldier does with a triumphant foe, when the battle is lost, and victory gone, and hope is fled for ever, and all but the unconquerable spirit is

subdued. She was resolved to act rightly, whatever might be the issue of her sufferings, and though they may conduct her to an untimely grave. And such, probably, in the case of such a mind, would have been the result, if she could have acted as she resolved.

Not that we think much more than other sagacious persons, of the power of the *tender* passions over human life. In the warfare of the affections many, indeed, are wounded, but few perish of such scars. The majority of the species escape without serious injury. We can laugh, as well as wiser folk, at that ridicule of the whole world, a broken heart. And yet, credit it who will, we have more than once discovered such an article in our path-way; and, in our honest boldness, we will even expose ourselves to the so-much-dreaded laughter of all the wit and wisdom of the age to say so. There are broken hearts in the world; and there are those who die of the disaster.

Miss Bagnal was persuaded, from the internal commotion which she felt, and which really astonished her, that she could not survive the conflict she endured. But she was not, on this account, the less determined to act according to her views of duty and propriety. But, lest these

views should be in aught erroneous (which would be a sad thing), she discussed the matter in her own mind unceasingly; always, however, arriving at the same conclusions; and still, to "make assurance doubly sure," she had no sooner arrived at the final and invariable result of her investigations, than she began again. The process was like Penelope's web, with this difference, that the deception was not practised upon the lady's lover, but upon herself.

The evening before Sorleboy marched, she had given her final and irrevocable determination not to accompany him. She had written an answer to O'Neil's note, which she delivered to his agent. This had been a painful and anxious composition, and had been composed and recomposed many times; for she did not choose that the Scot should be the medium of her sentiments upon so delicate an occasion. At length, the important letter almost satisfied the writer, and was delivered into Sorleboy's hands, when again several defects and omissions of the greatest moment occurred to her, and she withdrew it from the steady and quiet soldier, saying, she should give it to him again in the morning; resolved to read it over once more, and reconsider it deliberately.

When she read it in her chamber at night, she was quite unsatisfied with it, and yet she did not attempt to write another. She sat down, as if in despair of succeeding, and did nothing. For some hours she sat motionless. Her mind was weary of the process of thought, and the conflict of opinions; its powers were exhausted. She seemed to have lost the faculty of sensation. The spirit became a blank, yielding up its energy, and foregoing all exertion. She began to move about, as if mechanically; until, after a length of time, a feeble glimmering of thought shot across her mind, and showed her that she was busily employed in adjusting her wardrobe, and packing up her clothes. Wherefore, she did not know, and could not examine; for the little light that had made her, for a moment, conscious of her actions, was extinguished. And yet there were upon her spirit some confused notions, like those of a half-waking dream, that she was engaged in some strange and singular occupation. She struggled a little to acquire a more perfect consciousness, and the effort brought tears. She wept plentifully; then overpowered with weariness and sorrow, she lay down on her bed, and slept.

She arose at the dawn of day refreshed, but

with an altered mind. She seemed to herself to be no longer the same person. She wondered at the change: it was strange; it was inexplicable. She did not think, nor reason, nor calculate. She was quite calm; and her movements, though steady and resolute, were, as if directed by a power external to her, which had gained miraculous dominion over her mind and motions, and which she neither thought of resisting, nor could resist. She looked with astonishment upon her well-packed luggage, and thought she must have made these preparations in her sleep.

She now descended from her chamber, and gained the outside of the castle by a private passage, which led to a small postern opening beyond the walls. Here she had been used to meet Sorleboy, and here she now found him, attended by six stout Highlanders. She told him she was ready to accompany him, and desired that two men should be sent up to her chamber to bring down her luggage. She was instantly obeyed. Sorleboy did not appear surprised; nor was he, notwithstanding that the previous evening she had stated to him her solemn and *irrevocable* resolution not to be his companion to the north. But there had been

something in the very energy and agony of this resolution, which made him doubt whether it would be kept, or which rather made him conclude that it could not.

In less than a minute her baggage was given in charge to the detachment, and Miss Bagnal mounted on horseback, with a Scotch bonnet on her head, and covered with a large plaid cloak, and Sorleboy by her side, was moving rapidly along the wild road which traverses the mountainous country to the north-east of Lough Erne. The whole clan followed, and kept pace, without difficulty, with the gallant steeds which carried the chief and the lady.

CHAPTER V.

The country through which they passed was beautiful, but was a desert. Not a human being was to be seen, nor a human habitation. At intervals, indeed, they discerned upon the hill-side the smoking ruins of cottages, which had been recently burned in the course of the Lord Marshal's operations. These were the humble dwellings of the M'Mahons. The former inhabitants of these cottages were occasionally visible in small groups upon the tops of the mountains, and the women were seen toiling up the ascent, encumbered with burdens of various kinds; — coarse articles of clothing or furniture, or bearing helpless infancy in their arms. These few unhappy beings did not shew themselves, until a near approach had convinced them that the troops approaching were not English. The men cheered the Scotch from the hills, and the women sat down and gazed in silence upon the passing parade.

Old Sorleboy touched his bonnet courteously to the various groups. "God help the poor things," said he, pointing to the women, "they are come from their hiding holes to try if they can get any wee thing out of the fire. War is a sair thing for them, and yet the queer witches like the chields of the blade after all." Miss Bagnal made no reply to these observations; and fearful that any explanation of the scene before her should lay the blame upon her brother, she continued silent, and only betrayed her sensibility by quickening her speed. As she proceeded, however, the work of devastation only displayed a wider range and fiercer character. The ground was blackened with burnt crops and smoking plantations.

Such was the process by which the enlightened and *reformed* legislators and statesmen of England in Elizabeth's reign undertook to civilize and instruct their brethren in Ireland. But it would not be just, if we were to permit that the military chiefs and great statesmen of Elizabeth's age should bear away all the credit of this admirable process. The system of vigor, the blood-letting and house-burning system, has not only been tried in our time; but, like other of the ancient and consecrated usages of

our ancestors, which this fortunate and magnanimous nation has so wisely preserved, it has been greatly improved upon by that genius and research which has gone forth upon the face of society, and has made our age glorious and illustrious beyond all former periods. The burning system of Elizabeth's days has been enriched in our time by the happy discovery of the pitch cap, and the fortunate device of the picket; and the ingenious torture of half-strangling, and the exquisite skill which has been applied to the vulgar punishment of whipping, now so scientifically performed, as to shame the clumsy performances of our rude ancestors.

Imagine, gentle reader, the culprit tied strongly by both hands to some bulky and immoveable object, humanely furnished with a piece of lead in his mouth, lest he should bite off his tongue. Then behold the sturdy flagelator, chosen for his sinew, with his whip of many knotted tails, and see him begin to cut the flesh from the back of the poor rogue; and see the learned doctor, with a grave face and tranquil aspect, calmly feeling his pulse, and calculating, with the most scientific and admirable nicety, how much flesh may be taken from the ribs without loss of life! But we cannot

indulge our reader with more of these inimitable applications of science to the art of government, as they have been beautifully exemplified in our times in Ireland.

Towards evening, Sorleboy's clan and his companion began to ascend a still more hilly and difficult country, stretching to the north-east. And as night began to close in, they arrived at one of those square towers so common throughout Ireland. It was situated in a little valley, and was the residence of a petty chief of the inconsiderable sept of O'Farrel, and displayed the broad flag of his magnificent race from the bartizan. The tower was surrounded on three sides by a wall strengthened with turrets, enclosing a considerable space of ground. Sentinels were posted in these turrets, or sentry boxes, who challenged the advance of the Scotch clan as they drew near. The well-known name of Sorleboy was soon acknowledged by sound of trumpet, and the opening of the massive gates of O'Farrel's little fortress.

The clan and their leader were received by the chief of the tower with a "hundred thousand welcomes," and all the cordiality of his country. O'Farrel was a man of extraordinary bulk and stature. He was clad in innumerable

folds of blue woollen cloth, twisted fantastically, but not ungracefully about his person. A huge sabre hung by his side, and he carried a long fusee in his hand. Though not dirty in his person, there was an air of savageness and neglect about him, which gave him more the aspect of a captain of banditti, than chief of a clan of brave men. And in the midst of the kindness and cordial congratulations with which he received his Scotch friends, he never once laid aside his sabre or fusee, or the immense pistols which ornamented his bosom, and would have weighed down any other man.

The appearance of the court-yard, or bawn, was in keeping with that of the chief. It was full of men, and cattle of all kinds; and the hides and carcasses of slaughtered beasts, and the litter and blood of animals, were strewn over the whole area. There was not a dry or clean spot to be discerned, yet the clansmen were sleeping or lounging listlessly amongst the cattle and the skins, apparently without any attention to comfort or cleanliness.

The Scotsmen were not nicer than their Irish acquaintances; and soon disposed of themselves in the promiscuous mingling of the *bawn*, entering fully into the spirit of the disorderly

accommodation of the place. The greater part of the clan, however, slept upon the heath outside the walls, neither the bawn nor the castle affording them sufficient space.

Sorleboy, accompanied by our fair traveller, and his chief officers, were conducted by O'Farrel into the interior of his castle, the entire ground-square of which formed the first and chief appartment, or grand hall of entertainment for his guests and followers. A great fire blazed on the hearth, and an immense table occupied the centre of the area, on which, a crowd of bare-footed and bare-headed, but otherwise cleanly looking females, were busy arranging an abundance of coarse but substantial fare. In a short time several huge joints of meat smoked upon the board, and mighty baskets of hot cakes and rolls, with flowing pails of new milk, completed the fare which O'Farrel offered to his guests and household. To this, was added in the course of the repast, some excellent French wine for the use of the Scottish and Irish Chiefs and their immediate circle, with some brandy and Irish spirits for the less dignified personages, who occupied the inferior places at the table.

The whole was not uncomfortable nor unac-

ceptable to the Scotch gentlemen of any degree, nor even to Miss Bagnal, who, encouraged by the presence of some females of O'Farrel's family, condescended to share the dainties of the feast. And as faithful historians, we are bound to confess, that contrary to the habit and custom of heroines, her appetite was not a little sharpened by the ride of the day, and a fast since morning. She felt also, to her own great astonishment, that ease and quiet of mind, which follows a severe mental conflict, and is so grateful and sometimes so unaccountable to those who have been tossed about in the misery of uncertainty. For these it is happiness to be decided, let the decision be what it may. Punishment and repentance may come thereafter; but at the present moment there is peace.

Miss Bagnal felt exceedingly disinclined to any exertion of thought upon her own situation. She was disposed rather to commit herself to the current of events, than to attempt the labour of directing her own course. She had indeed a confused idea, that she ought to feel very dismal and unhappy, and that the comfortable and complacent feelings, and good appetite which she enjoyed, were strangely out of place; and she was at times disposed to be angry and

indignant with herself at her unreasonable and indelicate happiness.

She soon rose from table, and was conducted to her apartment by one of the barefooted attendants aforesaid. It was situated at a great elevation, near the summit of the tower. A winding stair of rude stone work, contrived within the thickness of the wall, led to this airy apartment. It was small, and coarsely furnished, but it was clean, and a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, and she was satisfied with it, for she was fatigued and little disposed to be nice. She commended herself to the protection of Providence in a short and earnest prayer, and lay down to rest, and slept soundly.

It required the opiate of fatigue to find rest in the chamber allotted to the "English lady." It was so constructed upon an angle of the castle, as partly to project over the wall. The wind blew in loud gusts through the valley, in the hollow of which this small tower was situated, and seemed to shake it to its foundations. And when it was calm for a moment, the confused noise of men, horses, cattle, and dogs, ascending from the bawn, would have disturbed the slumber of any one who had not

travelled with old Sorleboy. The lady, however, slept on.

Meanwhile the old Scot and his host prolonged the deep carouse in the hall. But though the Scot drank deeply, he drank cautiously, and measured his course to inebriety. O'Farrel drank faster and with less deliberation, and was more speedily off his guard; for these two worthy persons, albeit they were old friends and associates, and were pretty well acquainted with each other's views and objects, were accustomed to deal when together with great care and caution, weighing well what was propounded on each side. The clansmen and retainers of both chiefs who were privileged to be of their company, having now withdrawn; the two friends pushed their stools nearer to the fire and to each other, and O'Farrel spread out his ponderous length so as to have the full enjoyment of the blaze.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," said the Chief of the castle to the Scot, "to see you here, my old friend, again returned in safety from your expedition to the south. A time will come when you and I will revenge upon the Saxon, the loss of your brave boy."

"My boy, O'Farrel," replied the Scot, "will

be avenged, fear not; and though Sorleboy needs no help in such a cause, he will never refuse the hand of a friend."

"Spoken like a man, and like a wise man too," said the Chief — "but," continued he, "it is only fair to tell you, of the reports which your enemies have circulated. It was said you had compromised the death of your son, and suffered the Saxon to wipe away the boy's blood with a golden napkin — that you had made peace, and entered into alliance with the enemy; — but I never believed it; and my reception of my old friend to-day proves that I did not."

"Thank you, O'Farrel, for your good opinion; we are all subject to have our conduct misconstrued by those who are ignorant of our motives; and sometimes we are forced to rely altogether upon the kindness of our friends and our own characters for a defence."

Sorleboy said no more, and O'Farrel dosed for a few minutes, overcome by liquor and the heat of the fire. But rousing himself again, and recollecting his purpose to find out what Sorleboy had been doing in the south; he renewed the attack, in what he thought a more skilful manner.

"But, my old friend, how comes it that the

light lads of the kilt return northward without a beast, a parcel, or a *lifting* of any kind, as far as I can see, except the young Saxon wench above? — Sorleboy, even when he was younger, loved other gear as well as the lasses."

"Why, mon," said the Scot, "you do not think Sorleboy is too old to love a lassie?"

The chieftain laughed vehemently at this, and swore he did not intend any thing so disparaging; he was only surprised he did not bring a few more of them for the sake of the clansmen.

"They find it easy enough to get them amongst your countrywomen, O'Farrel. But to do justice to the lady, I am no more than her guide and guardian for the present; nor am I ashamed to say, that to be her guide, was one of the chief objects of my march to the southward."

"And who may the damsel be?" said the wondering chief.

"The young lady is the sister of the Lord Marshal; I have taken her from under her brother's roof-tree, with her own good will, for she loves the O'Neil, and will soon be his wife. There now, O'Farrel, is the secret you have been fishing for."

"This is news, indeed," said the lord of the

castle; and starting up, he paced the hall with great strides. But there was too much wine and spirit within to permit a long indulgence of this perambulation, and he soon returned to his seat, exclaiming — "the O'Neil married to the Marshal's sister! — the O'Neil married to the Marshal's sister! such a thing would blast all our hopes; — it must not be."

"Whatever hopes of yours it may blast," said the Scot, "the thing will certainly be."

"Sorleboy, you are under my roof, and so is this lady — you are safe therefore; but — but —" he coughed, hesitated, stammered, and again resumed; "but" —

"But what, mon," said Sorleby; "speak it out."

"But consider, my dear friend," said the wily Chief, "consider, that such a thing as this would be ruin to us all; to you as well as to me."

"How so, O'Farrel?"

"Should O'Neil become again, as he once was, the fast friend of the Saxon, we should be compelled, all of us, to bow the neck to the yoke of the proud stranger. O'Farrel, instead of living on the little spot of his paternal earth, which the Saxon has not yet usurped, should betake him to the plough, or draw a mercenary

sword beyond the sea; and you, my friend, with your few hundred kilts, should tramp off for lands, where the peace which the tyrant gives his vassals had not yet spoiled your harvest."

"There is little danger of that," said Sorleboy, "in your lucky country. We shall reap mony a harvest here, with God's blessing, before peace and good order will come from any quarter to expel us the land. Nor are you in any greater danger, O'Farrel. I have no objection to tell you, that this alliance will infallibly set O'Neil and the Marshal at variance for evermore. Though at present apparently friends, they hate each other cordially; and the Marshal would greatly prefer seeing his sister in the grave, than in the arms of O'Neil."

"Does she not go with his consent?"

"No; she has run away from him."

"The Saxon women, my old friend, have much more taste and spirit, than the men."

"I suppose you have found it so, O'Farrel; but it is so long since I have had any experience of such matters, that I don't pretend to know how their taste lies at present."

"And how did you bring the English lass off?" enquired O'Farrel.

"I told you she saved me all the trouble of the matter, by coming freely of her own accord. I thought, indeed, that I should have had to use a little gentle violence, such as the women like sometimes. The poor lady was in that unpleasant state of mind in which the *pour* and the *contre* are so evenly balanced, that it is a mercy to give the balance a jog, — take my word for it, that in such a case, any woman will be obliged to you, if you make the beam go down on the side of her inclinations by a little rude interference. I was determined to do this friendly act by the lady, but she is a lass of spirit, and did it herself."

"And you think this elopement will embroil O'Neil and the Marshal?"

"I am certain of it."

"And how stands our prince with the Deputy, Sorleboy?"

"Why, pretty well at present; the Deputy will not quarrel with him now; he has been recalled, and is anxious to leave things apparently quiet after him — and he dreads O'Neil; to whom this outrage of Bagnal's upon M'Mahon has given great advantages, by furnishing him with good ground of quarrel and complaint."

"And how do *you* stand now, O'Farrel, with your chief paramount, the O'Donnel?"

"Why, badly; O'Donnel is an old fool, and the young lad is shut up in Dublin. Tell your master, Sorleboy, that when he is what he ought to be, and acts as all expect him to act, O'Farrel will not be the last to range himself under his banner."

"I will tell him so, and I could have told him so, without your saying a word of the matter."

"How?"

"Who does not know that O'Farrel will be found wherever blood and plunder are plentiful."

"No jokes, Sorleboy. O'Farrel was not always the petty chief of one solitary tower. How many fair plough lands, on the Shannon, were once the inheritance of his ancestors, which are now the domains of strange lords. Yes, the O'Farrel will be found where the blood and plunder of the Saxon are plentiful. My fathers were not, as I am, tributary to the O'Donnel, but had themselves tributaries in their train. It is but lately that Sorleboy has learned to sneer at vengeance due to deadly wrongs. He has learned this new lesson in his late march to the south — for they say that the blood of his first born is yet unavenged."

O'Farrel accompanied this last observation by a look full of terrible wrath.

"We will not quarrel, O'Farrel," said Sorleboy. "I forgive you, for I provoked you, and you know me well enough to be assured that it is not from fear that I act. It is true that my boy's blood is unavenged, but the delay shall make vengeance more sure and signal. It does not become Sorleboy to run, like a hot-headed Irishman, and spoil his cause by the precipitancy of his operations. I will make sure work."

"I believe it," said O'Farrel; "your coolness would have been worth many ploughlands to me."

Their further discourse was interrupted by a confused noise in the *bawn*, which increased every minute. "It is, probably, some of our foraging parties returning," said the chief; "for this barren glen, and these rude hills, do not afford sufficient provender for our cattle."

"And whom do you favour with your foraging visits, O'Farrel?"

"Our Saxon neighbours as much as possible; but when needs must, any one."

Sorleboy laughed; — "'Tis our Scotch custom," said he, taking a light; and wishing his

host a good account of the forage, he left the hall, and commenced ascending to his chamber, which was situated over this great apartment.

The old Scottish marauder retired to repose amidst an increasing din in the hall and court-yard, which did not in the least interrupt the quietness and equanimity with which he muttered his drowsy prayer, and committed himself to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

The extraordinary uproar in the castle had as little effect upon the fair refugee, as upon her guide and protector; she slept soundly until the noise had ceased. When all was quiet, she opened her eyes — "let me rest, my dear mother, for my heart is tired;" said the sleeper, closing them again; as if determined not to be disturbed. But she was again awakened by some one, as she imagined, shaking her violently in the bed.

"Why do you teaze me so, Kitty?" said she, again addressing, as she thought, her young waiting maid at Bagnal's Close, "it is not time to get up I tell you; and I will have more sleep. I am very tired indeed, and my heart is sore."

"I have brought you something," said a voice, which was not Kitty's, nor yet her mother's; "I have brought you something

which will banish your fatigue, and cure your sore heart effectually."

The strange voice roused her; and at length she was broad awake. A strange woman stood by her bed-side. She was not one of those whom she had seen in the evening, and was unlike O'Farrel's family. She had the air and appearance of a woman of rank; and held a bowl in her hand containing some liquid. Miss Bagnal looked at her with a fixed attention. The gaze of the stranger was equally steady.

The fire was still burning on the hearth; but now feebly, though it emitted at intervals a bright flickering flame. There was no other light. "I have brought you some drink, Madam," said the stranger; "you have been indisposed." Miss Bagnal without attending to the purport of this observation, again fixed her eyes on her visitor. She was tall, and beautiful; but not young. An air of dignity and even haughtiness sat upon her fine features; and she was dressed in the simple and graceful manner of Irish women of the highest class. Her eyes were bent upon those of the English lady, with a fierce and devouring eagerness.

"To what am I indebted for this unseason-

able visit, madam, ?" said Miss Bagnal, assuming courage, " I am not ill, and have no wish to drink. I only desire rest, and beg you will permit me to enjoy it."

" My dear," said the lady " you are young, and do not know what is good for you. I must insist upon your taking this refreshing draught."

" I assure you, madam, I have sufficient discretion to know that I want no drink, and that I ought to take none from a person whom I do not know, and who intrudes into my bed room at this hour of the night."

" Dear! how discreet — that a lady of such great discretion should be found at night in the den of poor O'Farrel, the wild wolf of the mountains — the prince of robbers, and little accustomed to respect the sanctity of lady's bed-chambers — how strange!"

" I came here under the guard of a man of honour."

" Man of honour! — alas! my dear young lady, this is a romance that you have been acting — Sorleboy a man of honour! — who ever heard of such a thing? Why, the old Scot is a greater thief than even O'Farrel; he has chosen his lodging well."

Miss Bagnal burst into tears, and said nothing.

"Nay, do not weep," said the stranger, "a woman's tears are lost upon a woman. Here is no male creature; not even the brutes O'Farrel or Sorleboy."

"How have I injured you," said Miss Bagnal, "that you should distress and torture a poor unoffending creature like me?"

"Poor thing," said the lady, "what a pity to distress her! and I have only brought her a little cooling drink to cheer her in the night, and make her sleep soundly."

"I assure you, madam, I do not need your kind attentions. If they are well meant, I am grateful for them — pray, do leave me to my rest."

"You expect to be soon married," said the lady, "and I must teach you a lesson most essential to the married state, and which unfortunately I could never myself learn — obedience." (Here the Lady sighed gently.)

"Married, madam!"

"Yes, married, madam, — are you not the intended wife of the Prince O'Neil?"

"And what are you that question me thus, and torture me so barbarously?"

"Nay, do not be so indignant: I have more right to act thus than you are aware of — and

I will explain myself when you have taken this draught."

"Never! — I will never take it."

"Poor thing, she is angry — you will take it indeed, young woman."

Miss Bagnal's tears came to her relief again, and the lady sat down quietly upon the bed, as if she intended to wait for her returning calmness. After a while she said, "Who could have blamed her for aspiring to be the wife of O'Neil, but what could have attracted him? — she is pretty; that is all. He could not have liked her for being English. How unaccountable are the tastes of these men — she is pretty, but insipid."

Tortured by this strain of remark, Lucy Bagnal listened, as if to hear whether there was a hope of any relief or interruption. But all was profound silence.

"There is no one coming," said the lady calmly, "but lest any accident should interrupt us, you must take the drink."

"What is it, madam?"

"Nay, that is another fault which a married woman should avoid — she should not be curious. I am — I was, a married woman; so I can give

you some useful advice — take the drink," said she putting it to her mouth.

" I will not take it."

The lady laid down the bowl. — " Did not you know, Saxon stranger," said she, " did you not know, that the Prince O'Neil was a married man?"

" I knew that he had been married."

" Did his wife die?"

" I understood they were divorced."

" Say that he was divorced, for his wife was no party to the proceeding. The Court of Rome has purchased O'Neil by this act of base compliance. But how could you consider that a valid divorce, which was obtained from an authority that as a Protestant you disown?"

" I am not bound to answer these interrogatories; you have no authority to question me thus."

" I have authority, for you are in my power." Saying this she looked at the bowl, and Miss Bagnal, answering to her look, said, — " I will not taste that bowl."

" I have trifled too long said the lady," rising from the bed where she had been sitting, — " I am the wife of O'Neil — drink this bowl, or" — and she drew a dagger from under her robe. I have no enmity towards you. " I pity

you; but you have placed yourself in this position, and you must take the penalty. She who would wed with O'Neil, must deal this game with me first, — and if I were under the green turf, Saxon, yet you would not find safety while there is an O'Toole that could grasp a dagger."

"And has *your* religion which you spoke of so lately as being violated by your divorce, taught you this? — would the religion of Rome sanction murder?"

"Talk not to me of religion, — you Saxons have ever this cant upon your lips, while you rob us of our lands, and spoil us of our inheritances — and you, fair lady, who would wed the husband of another woman, would preach to her of religion. — Where was your brother's religion when he murdered M'Mahon, not for wrongs like mine, but like a felon for base lucre?"

"Suffer me to commend myself to Heaven," said the unhappy Englishwoman, quite subdued by the terrors of her situation — I will do what you command."

"If Heaven can hear a heretic like you, I hope it will do so; this is a bead," said she,

" of the holy Saint Columbkil," taking one from her neck, " which can fright away the powers of darkness from the departing soul. I will lay it upon your breast, young woman, perhaps it may secure you Heaven's help, spite of your errors. Ah ! how fair a bosom, and how warm, — what a pity that it will so soon be cold !"

The lady shed tears, and sobbed audibly over her victim. " Think not," said she at length, " that these are all shed for you; I weep for myself. You are happier than I am. Oh ! how much happier ! You die in the possession of O'Neil's love. I live a discarded wife, a scorned, but a doating woman ; — a murderess too ! Oh ! that I could change places with you, — with how much pleasure would I drink this draught.

" Let us both die, — let us both die," said she with a shriek of exultation, as if a new and happy idea had just occurred to her. " Why do you tremble, woman, I will shew you the way to be decided;" and she raised the cup to her mouth : then taking it suddenly away, " No," said she, " you must drink first; this is strong, and there is enough for both. I must secure my reluctant companion in this darksome jour-

ney. You must go before, and fear not, I will follow."

There were now no tears shed on either side. A kind of friendly feeling and intelligence seemed to be strangely established between both actors in this scene. O'Neil's wife pressed the hand of the Englishwoman, as she offered the fatal cup. The other returned the pressure, took the cup, and raised it to her lips. But she hesitated, and a slight convulsion passed over her countenance. It was the shuddering of nature on the brink of the grave.

The Irishwoman smiled: — "It is nothing," said she, "one effort more; I am impatient to have the cup."

At this instant a noise at the door caught their attention. The stranger started, put her hand on her dagger, and drew it. But though the movement was hurried, it was accompanied with hesitation, and her arm was arrested by a tall Highlandman, before it descended upon its object.

The room was now full of soldiers, and O'Neil's unhappy wife was borne away. Sorleboy soon made his appearance also; enquired shortly what had happened, and desiring Miss Bagnal to rise without delay, he cleared the

room of the military, and placing a strong guard outside the door, assured her she was in safety.

The travellers were again far upon their journey in the morning, and had traversed a considerable portion of the pretty valley of Ardee, before Miss Bagnal had learned from the Scot how the fearful occurrences of the night had happened. He seemed perplexed, and occupied with his own thoughts, and disposed to be silent. Nor was Miss Bagnal, weary and sick as she was, from the terrors and agitations of the night, in a condition to urge him into talkativeness. At length he took up the subject of his own accord.

"That was a cursed business, last night, my lady. How the deevil we could have been so off our guard, I can't tell. But an Irishman and an Irishwoman would outwit the Deel. And yet O'Farrel had a hard struggle with the lady too; she is his near kin, and these Irish think the obligations of kindred beyond all others. Whether he knew exactly her intention, I can't make out, but he knew she intended no good. The lady brought a strong party to the castle, and made, I am told, a desperate clatter. But I did not hear it. And all my rascally

Scots slept like the Orkneys in a storm. Not one of them stirred, till M'Intosh was roused by a woman's voice; he was sentinel outside your door, and yet he heard nothing till that scream. Now I knew that the fellow might have heard the north-wind piling icebergs upon Dun Edin, and not have minded it. But I thought that in his soundest sleep he was alive to a woman's whisper, and therefore it was that I placed him at your door. I forgive him, however, since he was not entirely too late.

"De'el have me," continued the Scotchman, "but I will be revenged of the beggarly carl of the Tower for this. It was not fair; if the divorced woman had been his sister or his mother, he should not betray a friend who trusted him. But the dog was sorry for it, and ashamed of it, and they say he dare not disobey the Lady O'Neil, who has some way or other a loop upon his neck, beside being his own kindred. Weel, weel, it was a great escape, — what wicked deevils these women are when they fall out about a man!" But then recollecting that this observation might be taken as not very complimentary to his fellow traveller, he added, "But I beg your ladyship's pardon, I mean only those women like that poor wife, that can't

be kept quiet by any means. Such as she, now, are not quiet with you when you have them, (she led O'Neil a damned life) nor when you haven't them. And yet, I believe, to do her justice, she loved the prince too. But then she would be meddling in his political matters, and have him go right a-head, let the wind blow how it would, against the English. Now O'Neil did not like that way of steering; he was for tacking when the wind was not with him, and so they fell out, and she left him."

"Did she leave him first?"

"In troth, she did; she is a lofty woman; and though it broke her heart to leave him, she left him, because, though he was a hero, as every one allowed, yet he was not heroic enough for her fancy.

"It is singular enough in the women," continued Sorleboy, talking again as if his companion were of the other sex; "it is singular enough that they love less for youth, or beauty, or fortune, than for fame; especially the higher minded portion of the sex. And this proves to me the purity of their affection; for what, after all, can be the object of true love, but mind; the high and the noble mind; which attests itself by the loud voice of fame, and the re-

luctant evidence of envious mankind? Show me a noble spirited woman, though she be in the prime of youth, and the morning of beauty, and I will tell you the man she will love; not the gay youth of her own age, priding himself, like another lady, on his smooth face and flexible form. She will turn away from the fair brow without a laurel, and the delicate hands, that have reaped no field of honour, to place her heart in the custody of him whose vigour and energy of thought have given him a high place amongst the great spirits of the world."

"You do us rather more than justice, I think," said Miss Bagnal, "though I would flatter myself there is some truth in your observations; yet, I fear, the number they apply to amongst the sex, is very small."

"Not at all," said Sorleboy, "the number is greater than you think. I am an old fellow, and have seen more of the world than you, lassie; and I know something of women too, God love them; I have been dealing with them one way or other these threescore years. It is true, there are some silly ones who run after boys, who, like your insipid Venuses, fall in love with an Adonis. But when a Minerva takes it into her head to be in love, trust me,

she will fix her affections upon a Jove or an Apollo."

"I will not dispute what must be so consoling to our ancient heroes; but to return to this poor lady; did O'Neil never seek to be reconciled?"

"Never; though he loved her, I believe; but he was offended, and her imperious and passionate temper had tended, for a considerable time, to estrange him. Time widened the breach; and an occurrence that I know something of, and you, lady, know more, fixed the destiny of the unhappy woman for ever."

"Alas! I am the innocent cause of much evil."

"It is, however, my solemn opinion," said the Scot, "that though he had never known you, O'Neil would never have returned to his wife; so you have done no mischief after all."

O'Neil's town of Dungannon was now in view Sorleboy pointed it out from a rising ground, and showed his fellow-traveller the castle, with its numerous towers and waving flags; and the town walls stretching their massive defences on every side; and, in the distance, the great waters of Lough Neagh. The old man dilated now very eloquently upon the state and grandeur of

O'Neil's court; his great military force; his extensive territory; his increasing revenue, and prosperous trade. His simple and effectual administration of justice, and establishments for the religious instruction of his people. To these details Miss Bagnal listened attentively, but in silence. Old Sorleboy, however, was content with a nod of the head, or a glance of the eye, satisfying him that he was not unheeded. Thus encouraged, he went on to particularize the masterly arrangements, and the statesmanlike views and plans of the great chief to whose fortunes he had attached himself. "O'Neil is not like most of his countrymen," said the Scot, "who can never wait till the fruit is ripe, before they snatch it off the tree, and thrust it into their mouths. O'Neil is as patient as he is brave; and as prompt when the time comes for action, as he is steadily inactive before the true season arrives. He knows when to do nothing. A rare species of knowledge, my lady."

The lady nodded her head.

"The prince has attracted around him," continued the old man, "all the rare spirits of the age; every lad that loves the sword, and every man that has seen service. To the boys he gives fine clothes, gold tassels, — embroidery, and

feathers. He wins the men with money and license, hopes of fortune, spoil, wealth, and women. He attracts the young beauties of Ulster to his gay castle, and the fiery spirits of Ireland crowd to his court. All the male population of this country are trained to arms by rotation, and the town before us is a great arsenal of military stores."

All this detail, though it gratified the pride, yet it alarmed the fears of Miss Bagnal; wherefore, she thought, these formidable preparations? and what might be the issue of such ambitious courses? She looked at Sorleboy, and he seemed rightly to interpret her countenance.

"Don't fear," "said he, "the prince is adored by all his followers; the young would, at his his nod, lay their finery under his feet, and the old would forego their spoil, and subdue their passions at his command. He who leads men so devoted, is in no peril, if he be prudent; and O'Neil is not rash." And again he launched into interminable descriptions of the splendour and spaciousness of his castle, and the magnificence of his household; but the dignity of the garrulous Scotchman was not a little mortified, when, after a long and eloquent discourse, he became sensible that the lady was now utterly ignorant

of the subject or matter of his harangue. Having, however, upon all great occasions, a perfect command of himself, he evinced his prudence, and vindicated his importance, in this critical case, by the immediate observance of a profound and dignified silence.

But Lucy Bagnal was as insensible to this reproof as to the wounded feelings of her guide. She was wrapt up in her own anxious feelings, which, as she approached the castle, became intensely painful. She thought that she would give worlds to be again at Bagnal's Close, — to be at her brother's castle, — any where, even buried in the bosom of the earth, rather than undergo the terrors of the coming moments. And yet she was sensible to the whispering of a low still voice, that told her she would continue her course to the castle gates, though the cap of Fortunatus were on her head, and she had only to wish herself a thousand miles off, and have her wish fulfilled. There was a commotion in her bosom which absorbed every faculty and sensation. She breathed quick, and with difficulty. Her eyes glared on the objects around her, and she saw them not; and now they began to pass before her confused vision in rapid and mingled masses, without form or colour. The

town floated past her, as if in a great lake, and the castle, with all its trees and turrets, fled away like a dream. She could see nothing.

She closed her eyes, and put her hand on them, and opened them after a little while on perfect vacuity. She rode on, however, with desperate determination by Sorleboy's side, leaving the rein loose upon her horse's neck, that he might use his own eyes. They were now in the town, and had entered a long avenue of great elms which led to the castle gate by a winding course. The solemn grandeur of this avenue, the cool and delicious freshness of the air, the thick shade, and, above all, perhaps, the near and inevitable proximity of the castle, acted like a spell upon the mind and senses of our heroine. She recovered, slowly, the use of her eyes; the objects around her became fixed and defined; the tumult within subsided; and she arrived at the great gate of the castle in a state of greater tranquillity and self-possession than she had believed possible.

At the gate was a considerable guard of Highlanders, armed with broad swords and battle-axes. These were some of the body-guards of The O'Neil; they were men chosen for their great strength and stature, and were habited in

the picturesque dress of their country, with the green and blue colours of The O'Neil in cockades and scarfs. Miss Bagnal was assisted off her horse by a number of officers and servants in rich liveries, while the guard saluted with military honour, — but O'Neil was not there.

Female attendants were in waiting to conduct the lady to her chamber.

Miss Bagnal's apartment opened into a small sitting room, superbly furnished, and lighted by a massive silver lamp suspended from the ceiling. In this apartment refreshments were served, of which the lady, having put off her travelling clothes, and adjusted her dress, partook slightly.

The servants were now withdrawn, and the fair traveller was all alone. She was leaning her head pensively on her hand, her arm resting on the table. She was apparently tranquil and languid, and was really much fatigued. Unwilling to think, she sought to occupy herself with the beauty and brilliancy of the apartment. But its antique and costly ornaments could not engage her long; she felt a returning of that feverish and exhausting anxiety, which had seized upon her with such alarming effect when

first she beheld the turrets of Dungannon castle. She rose and pressed her head with her hands, as if she would, by these feeble means, keep her reason in its seat; when she was alarmed by the sound of footsteps — O'Neil stood before her.

CHAPTER VII.

Not many days after, O'Neil was married by the Pope's Vicar-general. The ceremony was private.

When this marriage took place, O'Neil counted over forty years, and the lovely Englishwoman had not yet numbered one-and-twenty. But O'Neil added to a fine person, a vigor and energy of constitution which preserved to him, at the age of past forty, the youthfulness of his earlier years; and long after this happy period of his life, he gave proofs of unimpaired and gigantic strength, which time seemed to have no power to wither.

Like his countryman, Swift, in a later day, he won hearts without seeking them, and the young and the lovely were wooed by his fame and his talents.

O'Neil loved his wife, and was proud of her devoted attachment. He delighted in her quiet and simple deportment in the midst of the gay

and splendid little court at Dungannon, now crowded with Irish of rank from all parts of the island, and foreigners of distinction from France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. It was his policy, and his pride, to maintain an extensive correspondence abroad, and to cultivate his interest with foreign courts. He was addressed as a sovereign prince by the governments of the continent, and his court at Dungannon wore every mark of independent power.

The news of this marriage was received with astonishment and dismay at Erne Castle. As Sorleboy had predicted, it converted the dislike and aversion which Marshal Bagnal entertained for O'Neil, into inconceivable hatred and abhorrence. He felt as if disgraced and wounded by this alliance, and the manner of it added to the rage and bitterness of his heart. He detested the name of *Irishman*, but of all his countrymen he hated O'Neil the most.

Sorrow and surprise were the feelings with which Colonel Marvel heard the story. His love was blasted, and hope was crushed in the bottom of his heart. He had, it was true, suspected this attachment; yet that Lucy Bagnal, whose character was timid and cautious, as it was pure and spotless, that she should go to seek her

lover, and put herself for this purpose under the guidance of a roving Scotch marauder, it was incredible. What must not be the strength of her affection? Oh! had that affection been placed on him, the companion of her infancy, the friend and associate of her ripening years! His heart bled as it revolved these thoughts.

There was a weakness about Marvel's heart, that was connected with the rich and invaluable virtues which were treasured there. It was that tenderness and softness of sensation which takes speedily the impression of generous and affectionate images. This is called weakness; because it leads frequently, or almost always, to the sacrifice of those interests which are most valued in the world. The consideration of our interests depends upon the cool calculations of the understanding; and he who can note the result of these calculations, and with desperate resolution can stifle in his heart the voice of the affections which regard them not, such a man is not a weak man in the world's estimation. He will reap his reward; he will be rich, perhaps, and great. But the man who can scorn wealth and grandeur, and has magnanimity enough not to despise the pleadings of his own heart, only because they urge him to generous

and noble sacrifices, may not after all be a weak man.

Certain it is that Marvel, though he was weak enough to feel like a child, and sometimes, as upon this occasion, to weep like one too; had the reputation in the army of a man of dauntless courage, and one whose conduct and intrepidity could be always relied upon. Nor was it long before he soothed himself into tranquillity; and commenced the sad task of teaching his heart resignation. For this purpose he rushed into the bustle of business, and sought active and even dangerous employment. This regimen was not wholly inefficacious. He gradually recovered his peace and self-possession.

It was fortunate that as far as military operations could be considered as a proper medicament in his case, he possessed at this juncture an abundant supply of the medicine. The Marshal was now engaged in a hot and difficult contest with M'Guire, chief of Fermaugh, who conducted his operations with a skill and activity which required all the talents of his enemy to counteract.

During this petty, but harassing, campaign, which was waged on the borders of O'Neil's territory, the Lord Marshal corresponded

actively with Her Majesty's council at London, and with the Irish government at the castle of Dublin, in the course of which he attributed all the difficulties he encountered to the aid which the enemy derived from the Lord Tyrone. He represented this ambitious chief as secretly supporting the rebellious Irish, and as being himself almost openly in hostility to Her Majesty's government.

O'Neil soon learned the purport of this correspondence, and was not slow in making his defence. He forwarded despatches to the castle of Dublin, to the Queen's council at London, and to the Queen herself. In all these he entered into a full and minute justification of his conduct, and an explanation of various recent occurrences in the north, together with his opinions and advice upon these transactions.

All these despatches Bagnal contrived to intercept. His position on the borders of O'Neil's country enabled him to do this. It was a bold step; but Bagnal had been for some time playing a desperate game, and he could not hesitate at any venture which put his great enemy completely in his power. He concluded him now ruined with the Queen.

Explanation may come hereafter, but it would come too late to save him. He expected every hour a proclamation declaring O'Neil an enemy.

In the mean time M'Guire maintained the war with great resolution and address. He had succeeded in drawing the Marshal into a difficult country of hills, woods, and morasses: and here the campaign was decidedly in his favour. It was after a series of petty actions which had lasted the whole day, that the Marshal's little army were forced to retreat. They had been entangled in difficult passes, and after the noblest efforts of courage, they became tired and disheartened. As they gave way, M'Guire's mountaineers pressed upon the weary soldiers with increased numbers and boldness. Their retreat was passing into a flight, when a long line of cavalry was seen winding up the little valley, where the last stand had been made. There was a pause: And in a few minutes, O'Neil, at the head of his numerous horse, was on the ground; and wheeling as he came up, placed himself between the combatants. The British army was saved. The M'Mahons who had joined M'Guire, had occupied the gorges of the mountains, and without this timely aid not a man could have escaped.

This exploit of O'Neil's astonished his friends, and confounded his enemies. That he should have saved the British army at the very time he was supposed and represented to be plotting their destruction, was incomprehensible and vexatious. Marshal Bagnal, hardly recovered from his amazement, was standing unhorsed, (having been thrown in the retreat) making figures in the sand with the point of his sword, when O'Neil rode up, and taking off his bonnet, bowed low to the Commander. The Marshal did not appear to see him. His whole attention was fixed upon the fantastic forms he was sketching in the sand. Bagnal was not a very graceful figure when unhorsed; he was short, square, and bulky, and was said very much to resemble the Queen's father Henry the eighth; whom, whether by accident or affectation, he seemed also to copy in his dress.

O'Neil bowed again, with a lower and profounder obeisance. But the Marshal's reverie continued. The Chief's position was now observed by his own guard of honour, and putting spurs to their horses, they rode at full speed towards their lord. They were instantly about his person, and pulling in and wheeling suddenly, they covered both the generals with a shower

of stones and dust. But the bulk of this awkward discharge lighted upon the person of the Marshal. He was instantly covered with a mask of clay, and his round hat and feathers were propelled from his head and laid prostrate on the sand by the projectile force of the stones. The unlucky Marshal could no longer continue his mathematical or unmathematical demonstrations on the earth. He was forced at once into a sense of his dignity and his misfortunes. He disdained to stoop for his hat; and gave note of his returning perception of surrounding objects only by an oath of fearful import, and pronounced with great emphasis.

O'Neil's orderly dismounted, brushed the dust off the fallen plumes and hat, and presented them to the discomfited dignitary; while the northern Chief himself rebuked his guard sharply, for their inconsiderate speed. But the soldiers interpreting rather their general's countenance than his words, seemed nothing dismayed; on the contrary, in the very height and severity of the reprimand, it was observed that the dragoons were suffering in an agony of suppressed laughter, which threatened a most disastrous explosion. To prevent this he dis-

mounted precipitately, and giving his horse to a soldier, —

"I have been fortunate, Sir Henry," said he, "in being able to have performed important service to her Majesty's cause. I shall rely upon your honour in reporting to government accordingly; and as you command in this district, if you have further occasion for my services, I am here but to obey you."

"I shall certainly report what your Lordship has done," said Bagnal; "and I have no doubt that her Majesty will be as much surprised as I am."

"It is very likely," replied O'Neil; "for I have reason to know that pains have been taken to give her Majesty wrong impressions with respect to me, her most dutiful servant, both by sending forward false statements to the throne, and by basely intercepting true ones."

"Do you allude to me?"

"If you are guilty, I do."

Bagnal was silent for an instant from the effect of suppressed wrath and embarrassment. Conscience told him that he was guilty; and he burned even to avow it; for he argued that all things were lawful against a foe so abhorred: and the avowal would only show what he wished

to proclaim, the excess of his hatred. But after the brilliant service now performed by Lord Tyrone, it might be dangerous to proceed to this length.

"I account for my conduct to her Majesty, not with the *mere* Irish," said the Marshal.

"You would have accounted badly to her Majesty for this battle, Sir Marshal, if it had not been for the *mere* Irish," replied O'Neil, smiling.

"Better have lost it, than gain it by such aid."

"Her Majesty will hardly think so."

"She is a woman, and ——"

"And we Irish," said O'Neil, "prevail with the women, as Sir Henry Bagnal knows."

Saying this he rode off, leaving the Marshal in a paroxysm of unutterable rage.

He stood fixed to the spot for a considerable time, until the arrival of Marvel and other officers diverted his labouring spirit from intense contemplations of hatred and revenge.

Marvel reported, that on the sudden retreat of M'Guire, a considerable number of prisoners had been taken, and amongst these, it was said, were a crowd of monks and nuns, who had

placed themselves under that chief's protection on their way to a distant convent, which lay in his line of march. Marvel had been wounded in the arm and leg, but slightly, in both places, and now withdrew to have his wounds dressed.

His wounds, he found on examination, likely to be more troublesome than he had anticipated, and did not permit him to wait upon the Marshal till towards evening. He found him in his tent, surrounded by his officers and his chaplain. The whole party were in high spirits, and the Marshal was laughing heartily at some jokes of the parson's. Considering the rank and station of the Marshal, it was a matter of course that all the rest of the company should find the chaplain's jokes to be equally diverting. The mirth, accordingly, was general; and, perhaps, it could hardly have been otherwise, considering the wit of the reverend person, and that the subject was no other than the nuns and friars who had been taken prisoners.

Nuns and friars have been legitimate jokes, time out of mind, in all countries, protestant and catholic. We must, however, be excused from stating what these jokes were, as the Marshal's chaplain was not as distinguished for delicacy as for humour.

Marvel had heard at the tent door that the prisoners were ordered to be brought up for examination; and though no way disposed to join in the gaiety of the general's quarters, he thought it better to be present on this occasion, as he was a little apprehensive of the result of this facetious examination. Marvel, himself, had no partiality for priests, but he knew that her Majesty's officers were sometimes in the habit of treating them rather too unceremoniously. It was no uncommon thing to see the British camp adorned with a Popish priest pendant from a tree, or a triangle, and for this species of protestant diversion Marvel had no taste whatever.

He, therefore, stepped into the tent, resolved to oppose, with all his power, any such exuberance of joyous feeling. And it is truth to say, he was received as a perfect spoil-sport. Marvel was pale from loss of blood, which added somewhat to the serious, or rather melancholy, expression, which grief had stamped upon his countenance. A cloud passed over the bright faces of the gay party as he entered. Even the chaplain suffered an eclipse, from the dark shadow of the mournful colonel.

There was a general silence; and the Mar-

shal rose and enquired anxiously concerning the colonel's wounds.

"They are nothing," said the colonel, "but the annoyance they may create. The surgeon tells me, I must keep quiet, and for awhile be an idler; and, at present, I am little disposed to follow his advice."

"I will speak to him myself," said the Marshal; "and you, Marvel, must submit to whatever is necessary. You, that are our Mentor, must not give an example of disobedience."

"My example is of little value," said the colonel; "but I will not refuse to obey orders."

"We have been discussing what we should do with these priests; what is your opinion, Marvel?"

"Are they in custody?"

"Yes."

"And for what?"

"For what!" said the Marshal, in a tone of astonishment.

"There now," said the chaplain, significantly; "I told you ——"

"They are in custody," resumed the Marshal, "for being priests, and being found with the enemy."

"I do not consider either of these reasons

sufficient; they may have been innocently with the enemy; and it ought to be no crime to be a priest."

"We will see," said the Marshal.

"It has been proposed," said the chaplain, in a tone of mock solemnity, "to set one of these reverend gentlemen, (or, perhaps, a nun would do better) afloat in Lough Erne upon a wicker skiff, just large enough to hold one person, and to set the rest swimming round him; his efforts to beat them off, and their's to overturn the skiff, would be very amusing. Have you ever seen a cat set sailing in this way in a wooden dish and pursued by dogs, Colonel Marvel?"

"I have seen it, Sir," said the Colonel, "and I think that yours is a truly Christian improvement upon that humane recreation."

The gravity of the colonel occasioned a loud shout of laughter from the droll parson, and the officers present.

"Marvel is not in a joking mood, gentlemen," said the Marshal; "we will take a shorter course with the priests."

"And what will your Lordship do with the nuns? One of them that I saw is much too handsome for hanging or drowning."

"If there is beauty in the case, that may make some difficulty."

This occasioned another laugh; and in the midst of the merriment, the prisoners were brought in, but their presence did not restrain the vein of mirth which was flowing, and which had now escaped from the controul of Marvel's gravity. The prisoners stood just within the entrance of the tent, the drapery of which cast a shape upon the spot where they stood, but not enough to conceal them from observation. No one observed them, however, though knowing they were there, or turned a glance that way, so occupied were they with their own merriment. Marvel's was the only eye that was upon the face of the prisoners. He felt deeply interested for them. The foremost of the group was a young woman, wearing the long mantle of her country gracefully folded upon her bosom. Over her shining black hair, which was formed into a kind of simple and natural head-dress, was thrown a large black veil, so adjusted as to discover partially a face, pale, white, intelligent, and beautiful, with an expression of quiet melancholy. She was leaning on the arm of a tall man, evidently an ecclesiastic, whose features also were fine, but with a wild and worn expres-

sion. This person gazed on the scene before him, and listened to the language of the parties with an expression of disgust and indignation, which he did not attempt to conceal. The lady appeared quite insensible and unconscious of what was passing before her.

Beside these, a little in the rear, stood a priest of another class. He was a man of low stature; his look was fierce, fixed, and resolute, as if he would have made war with the whole party before him. His person was bounded by lines of such scope and rotundity, as showed, that, in less perilous positions, this reverend father was not inattentive to the wants and exigencies of the flesh. Marvel watched the countenance of the lady, as if apprehensive that she would awaken from the stupor which was upon her, to a sense of what was passing and saying before her. He felt his face tingle with the blush of shame; and, for the first time, almost regretted he was an Englishman. The scene before him was every way surprising: merriment of any kind was very unusual with Marshal Bagnal; he seldom stooped to levity, and less frequently still to any breach of decorum. But, on this occasion, Marvel did not know that it was the effort of a wounded mind to

escape from its own sufferings and conflicts. Bagnal had been stung to madness by the calm derision of O'Neil, and the singular and triumphant manœuvre by which he defeated and destroyed all his schemes, and broke through his entanglements; and he gave himself up, with a kind of desperation, to this tide of unseemly mirth.

At length he glanced his eye carelessly and contemptuously upon the prisoners; and his face, which had been flushed with laughter, became instantly as pale as death. He trembled violently, and sank upon his seat. A change of countenance somewhat similar took place in the whole party; and the witty captain and the gay officers became, on a sudden, amazingly serious and solemn. Such is the happy sympathy which a marshal can always command in his mirth or sadness. The cause of all this was immediately discovered by the keen observers around, to be the young woman with the pretty pale face. Bagnal ordered the tent to be cleared of all, except Colonel Marvel and the prisoners, and then commanded the prior, Mac Egan, to approach; for it was he and Mac Dermot, and his sister, the widow of Governor M'Mahon, who were now again in the power of the Marshal.

The prior advanced two steps in front, and stood firm, resting both his hands on a large club, which he placed firmly on the ground in front of him.

"How comes it, Priest, that I find in every quarter traces of your pernicious meddling? You excite the people to insurrection, and lead them to their own ruin."

"I do my duty," said Mac Egan: "the event is with God alone."

"Duty! *you* talk of duty! are not the duties of a clergyman peace, humility, and submission? Are you not known to be a riotous liver, a brawler, an exciter of feuds, and a promoter of bloodshed? *You* talk of duty! a man who leads armies in the field, and recruits for rebellion."

"It is not necessary for me to defend my life and actions before you, Sir Marshal; God knows my defence."

"It may be useful for me to know it, perhaps. Your life is in my hands."

"My life is in the hands of God. I make no defence before you, for I do not acknowledge your authority, though I submit to your power. I have been faithful to my prince, O'Donnel; I acknowledge no other, nor ever did, or will. I am true to my country; Heaven knows how

true!" said he, lifting up his eyes. "If I have been a brawler and a disturber, it was because the Saxon enemy were in the heart of the country, and were to be expelled by any means. Who is it will not expel poison from his heart, because he wears a cowl? And is this heart of flesh dearer than my native land? No, Saxon; but less precious infinitely."

"Take him away," said the Marshal; and the soldiers instantly entered the tent, and removed the Prior.

"And you, M'Dermot," said Bagnal, addressing himself to the other prisoner, "you, who are neither a religious fanatic, nor a political meddler, how came it that you fled from me, when I was anxious by good treatment and kind attentions, to win you to a better and more fortunate cause than that you were engaged in?"

"A more fortunate cause, perhaps," said M'Dermot, "and therefore unfit for me."

"Do you reject the cause of the Queen, because it is a fortunate one?"

"For such a man as I am," said M'Dermot, "it would be, perhaps, a sufficient reason. I was never fortunate, and I do not now like the association of what is so. M'Dermot's lot is cast with the unhappy, and his duties also!"

"This is folly, M'Dermot; use your understanding, and quit the ruined party of the pope and his adherents."

"I am of the party of my own people, Lord Marshal; I go with my kinsmen and countrymen; I think them in the right, Heaven can testify, in this quarrel; but right or wrong, I must be with them, and against the stranger."

"I am sorry for this obstinacy," said the Marshal; "but I have too much respect for you, and regret for the malady with which you are afflicted, to treat you with that severity which it would draw down upon others."

"I thank your Lordship," replied M'Dermot, "but it would not become me to impose upon your kindness. I am not mad as people report of me. I am but a man of sorrow; and, perhaps, the weight of sadness at my heart gives me but a clearer perception of the real proportions of things, as the eternal snows which press the bosom of the poles, give a miraculous distinctness of vision. I do not value the wretched things which the people of the world contend for so bitterly; and, therefore, I am accounted mad; how justly?"

"Perhaps you may be right in thinking the madness on our side: I have thought so myself,

sometimes: but we cannot now discuss the question. You may withdraw, M'Dermot."

"A soldier now stept forward to remove the priest, but the latter, as if shrinking from the contact, turned rapidly round, and was leaving the tent, when Bagnal perceiving that he was taking his sister out also, desired that the lady should remain.

"Then we stay together, Sir Henry," said M'Dermot, again fronting the general, "for, without force, and that Sir Henry Bagnal will not use, I quit not my sister."

This was said in a tone of decision which left the Marshal at a loss how to act. After a painful pause of a moment, he said —

"I wished to examine Mrs. M'Mahon alone, as it is my duty to do; but I yield, M'Dermot, to your desire to be present; it is natural, perhaps proper. But I know not how it is, I have been little accustomed to yield even smaller points. — Well ——"

He then rose, walked the full breadth of the tent, returned and proceeded to speak, but stopped, and looked steadily upon the calm and melancholy countenance of Mrs. M'Mahon, then uttered a few indistinct words which died away upon his lip, and finally, in a low tone of voice,

he said, "I will postpone this examination. — Marvel, my only friend, see that the lady is taken care of. I may trust her to your care, but not to any of these cringing knaves about me."

Marvel now called his own servant, and gave him directions in a whisper. The prisoners were withdrawn, and the colonel was following, when the Marshal, who had been walking rapidly up and down the tent, stopped suddenly. — "Stay, Marvel, a moment; now you know my secret. I love that woman to distraction, and she abhors me; — what now do you think of the high, successful, and ambitious Bagnal? I tell you," said he with vehemence, "that with the command, the honours, and the possessions I have acquired, the vilest craven that trembles at my nod is a happier man than I am. Yes, you have known what it is to love and to be disappointed; — I know it, and you would tell me so; but you are a man of placid temper and regulated passions. I have been cast in another mould; I cannot sit down and weep, and be resigned; I must succeed, or be destroyed. Then what humiliation to love so, — one of a race I loathed; — the wife of a rebel, and the sister of a priest, — and to be scorned! My

friend, see that she wants nothing; she is superior to her race, to her sex; her mind is all light and sanctity, and her person that of an angel. Could you think that the rugged Bagnal could have loved even such a being as this? You thought I was not made for this foolish passion, and so I thought myself. God has given it to be my torment and destruction. I scorn and hate the fetters of this folly, — to be a woman's slave, — shame upon it. I will conquer it, Charles, or die. Can any thing be more despicable and laughable than to see such a rugged fellow as I tied to a woman's apron string; an ape, an ideot, a drivelling fool, — ha, ha, ha."

The Marshal seemed now to recover his good humour, while he entertained himself with ludicrous views of his own case. Marvel pitied him, and he would have urged the case of his sister at this favourable juncture, and the unreasonableness of visiting her with so much wrath for an error of which he himself was guilty; but the subject was too painful, and after revolving it for an instant in his mind, he shrank from it.

"And how do you mean to dispose of the prisoners, Bagnal?"

"Why, you shall take them with you to Armagh; there they will be safe, and you will have time to nurse your wounds and recruit. That town wants to be better garrisoned and provisioned, and I will follow you myself in a few days, and provide for these matters."

"And you mean to renew your suit to Mrs. M'Mahon?"

"Why, Marvel, I will at least be near her; I will breathe the same air; I will walk the same spot of earth that she does; I shall sometimes see her, and, perhaps, — but no matter."

CHAPTER VIII.

The following day Marvel set out with the prisoners, and a large detachment for Armagh. They travelled quietly without accident or interruption.

The town of Armagh occupied the gentle declivity of a hill, and presented to the travellers, when they had emerged from the wooded district in its neighbourhood, and had gained the banks of the winding Callan, a picturesque object encompassed with its embattled walls, over which ascended the towers of its great castle, and the spires and turrets of the venerable cathedrals of St. Patrick and Columbkil, and other numerous churches and monasteries.

While yet entangled in the woods and marshes in the vicinity of the town, they had heard the voice of the centinels telling the hour upon the walls, or the gay whistle of the soldier as he paced his allotted distance, and sought to while away his measured interval of

time; and, occasionally, the low murmur of the city came on the wind, mingled with the faint chime of the bells of St. Augustin's monastery, or the deeper tone of those of the cathedral.

Colonel Marvel's detachment was not only sufficiently strong to guard his prisoners from any marauding party of English or Irish which might have attempted to obstruct their march, but it was also a considerable accession of strength to the slender garrison of Armagh, now weakened by the repeated attacks of M'Guire and De Burgo. This celebrated seat of St. Patrick had, within a few years, frequently changed hands, and passed rapidly from English to Irish, and vice versa, and in all these mutations it had suffered severely. Great portions of the city had been consumed by fire, and lay in ruins, particularly that part bordering on the little lake within the walls, and some portion of the "English quarter," or *Trian Sassanach.* This quarter was once the peaceful abode of religion and learning, and was assigned to the numerous foreigners who resorted to this famed seat of letters in the early ages. It boasted a long line of public buildings, founded and endowed by the great

families of O'Neil and O'Donnel, the ruins of which were still visible.

The summit of the hill, in the language of the country "Druimsailach," the "Hill of Sallows," was crowned by the great cathedral of St. Patrick, and the rising grounds in the distance showed the ruins of the famous palace of *Eamania*, and the mouldering towers, once the head-quarters of the illustrious order of "Knights of the Red Branch."

Marvel not only brought an accession of strength to the garrison, but he was furnished also with a commission appointing him to the command of the town.

The interior of this ancient city exhibited as singular an appearance as its aspect from the distance had been picturesque and imposing. It was crowded with inhabitants of all classes and descriptions, who not only filled every nook and corner of the houses which remained standing, but crowded the streets so that they became impassable. Tents were erected on the ruins of the fallen houses, and sheds constructed in the angles of the broken walls. Multitudes lay without covering of any kind, mingled with the masses of rubbish, and scattered promiscuously with horses, asses, cows, and cattle of

all kinds. To these were added quantities of furniture and farming implements, sprinkled through the crowd, some lying in heaps, partly broken and destroyed in the carriage and hurry of transport; some, particularly kitchen utensils, were in use, and the people were cooking their provisions on all sides in the streets and open spaces. The churches and chapels seemed to be as populous as other parts of the city, and sent forth their crowds of inhabitants to gaze upon the strangers as they entered the town.

The population of Armagh was, at this moment, composed of a mixed multitude of English and Irish, driven in by the operations of the various little armies in the vicinity, added to the ordinary inhabitants of the town, who were also divided pretty equally into similar parties of Milesians and Saxons. The various fortunes of the town for many years past, according as the Irish or English power prevailed outside its walls, had taught the inhabitants within the necessity of forbearance and humanity towards each other. However much any one party may be inclined to abuse its present power, there was a dread of change which rebuked and silenced the whisperings of intolerance; and it was discovered in this little

community, that the best security for the rights of humanity, is a pretty equal division of authority.

Notwithstanding the causes which had brought this pent-up multitude together, there was over the whole crowd an air of gaiety and cheerfulness, perhaps always, or mostly, incident to bustle. But some distinction in this respect might be discerned between the British and the Irish crowd. The former were more sedate, and occasionally, sadness and anxiety might be discerned upon plump English faces, which bore few marks of severe privation. The Irish crowd was distinguished by an undulatory movement, and the noise of laughter and universal merriment resounded from their disorderly throngs. At times their British neighbours would take the infection, and then the city exhibited one general scene of gaiety.

It was at such a moment as this, that Marvel and his companions entered the town, and took up their quarters at the Augustinian Friary, which being large and commodious, was selected as the best residence for the commandant. The friary was still occupied by the monks of the order; and part of the building was also appropriated to the nuns of St. Ursula, who had been

removed from their own house which stood near the wall, to make room for the military, to whom that station was convenient.

Great rejoicings took place in the town on the arrival of Colonel Marvel, and particularly when it was known that he was appointed governor. The English inhabitants were delighted to be under the command of a man of such high military reputation, and the Irish were rejoiced to find themselves in the hands of one, who, whatever might turn out to be the result of the present military operations, would be sure to conduct himself towards them with the utmost justice and humanity. The religious people of both sexes, and all classes, felt safe under his authority and protection; and a general sense of the excellence of his character, speedily established the utmost order and harmony amongst the heterogeneous assemblage of persons who were at this time congregated within the walls of Armagh.

Marshal Bagnal was now, slowly, approaching the town with the main body of his army; and his approach occasioned every day various inconveniences, which it required all the skill and address of the governor to obviate. The chief of these, was the multitude of persons which by

his extended operations he drove before him. Numbers were English settlers who took refuge from the *friendly* movements of their own countrymen, within the walls of Armagh. Many were Irish who preferred trusting to the character of Colonel Marvel, rather than risk a meeting with any of the belligerents, and more were prisoners of all kinds, who, having fallen into the hands of the Marshal upon his march, he sent forward to Armagh, by various detachments. All these, as they added to the crowd within the city, increased the difficulties which the governor had to contend with.

A few days after Marvel had assumed the command at Armagh, two priests were sent in. The soldiers who guarded them, brought a short memorandum from Sir Henry Bagnal, desiring that the commandant should immediately have these men brought to trial by court martial and hanged. The governor dismissed the detachment, merely stating, that he would carefully inquire into the charges against them.

The first leisure moment, he accordingly requested that M'Dermot would take the trouble to see the priests in question, and learn their names and character. M'Dermot's simple man-

ners and singleness of mind and heart, had won the esteem and confidence of the commandant. Though so unlike in character, circumstances, and position, yet there was so strong a similarity of principle and worth in these two men, that they were drawn irresistibly to love and value each other. The advice and opinion of M'Dermot were frequently of the greatest service to the governor, and were as freely given as they were frankly sought for upon every occasion of importance, where the Irish inhabitants were concerned.

M'Dermot accordingly visited the prisoners, and was not a little surprised to be introduced to his old acquaintances and brothers of Innisdune, Father M'Miracle, and poor Connellan the enthusiast in sweet sounds. He reported accordingly that these were the most harmless persons in the world, and instead of being suspended over the gate of Rath-Armagh, they were permitted to enjoy the peaceful interior of the Augustinian Friary, and to prosecute their sublime pursuits under the very eye of the governor.

These two simple men had found a residence in a small house constructed by themselves in the woods not far from Armagh. Here, also, they

had built a little chapel, where the keeper of the relics had deposited his precious collection of bones, hair, nails of Columbkil, and various Irish saints. The organist had contrived a musical instrument, which he was employed in bringing to perfection, and concerning the construction of which he had been several times visited, both sleeping and waking, by Saint Cecilia and other musical saints. He had no doubt that his invention, if not quite so perfect as the instruments used in heaven, differed from them only, or chiefly, in the material of which it was composed. It was hard to give to mere terrestrial matter that sonorous and dulcet tone which is peculiar to heavenly material.

These two Sylvan saints, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their pursuits, lived together in the utmost harmony. Both were fully occupied, and each left the other at full liberty to follow the track of his own inclination; not that there was not some lurking contempt even in these gentle bosoms, and some little derision in each, directed towards the uselessness or folly of the other's occupations, but it never interrupted their good humour; indeed, it was hardly visible; and when it did appear, tended rather to invigorate and preserve their intimacy, by per-

mitting each to indulge a gentle compassion towards the other, founded on a conscious superiority.

Their cottage was situated under the brow of a high hill, in the centre of an extensive wood. Here the peasants thronged to be cured of all their diseases and complaints by touching the invaluable relics in the custody of the evangelic Father Mac Miracle; and at other times they would flock round the hermitage to feast upon the celestial strains which the gifted enthusiast waked in the woodlands. They never came without some present; and the holy fathers found themselves, without any care or trouble, supplied abundantly with eggs, milk, honey, meat, and clothing.

These reverend persons differed materially from their saintly superior, Mac Egan, in a total disregard of the great points of eating and drinking, and were more than satisfied with the manner in which the peasants supplied their wants. While enjoying this delicious life of leisure and abstraction, these poor priests were discovered by the advance of Marshal Bagnal's army, who were directed to occupy the woods extending in the neighbourhood of Armagh. Poor Connellan's musical instrument was cruelly

broken by the soldiers as a popish abomination, and Mac Miracle's relics, bones, nails, hair, and all, were scattered, and most irreverently treated. The priests, themselves, were made prisoners, and brought to the camp, after narrowly escaping being hanged in the wood, according to the advice of the corporal, who first discovered their retreat. Before this humane intention, however, could be carried into effect, the sergeant commanding the party arrived, and prevented the execution. He brought them to the camp, from which they were forwarded to Armagh by order of the Marshal, with the recommendation to Colonel Marvel that we have stated.

The town was immediately filled with the fame of the holy men from Carrick-á-cross, and St. Augustine's friary was now beset by multitudes seeking to be cured of all their ailments. But, notwithstanding that the faith of the multitude was great, the keeper of the relics could not be prevailed upon to undertake his holy office of miracle performer. "The relics are lost," said the disconsolate priest, "and I have no power to help the poor people."

In this emergency recourse was had to the reverend prior Mac Egan, who was intreated

to use his influence with the keeper that he might be persuaded to cure the sick. His cures, it was urged, would tend greatly to the honour and glory of the Holy Catholic Church, and to the advancement of the true religion; and might, at the same time, it was insinuated, bring some important increase to the diminished revenues of the ruined monastery of Innisdune. These were all weighty considerations with Mac Egan; and he accordingly took the affair in hand. His first step was to supply the afflicted Father with a sufficient quantity of bones of various kinds, which, however, he did not attempt to impose upon his reverence as the identical bones he had lost; but he asserted that he had blessed them in his quality as prior, and that if used as the bones of Columbkill, with faith and prayer, and to the same intent, they would surely become so in effect to the faithful; as he had on a former occasion proved to him from the commentaries of the learned Spiderwebbus. The reverend Father again hinted some objections, which were over-ruled by the Prior, as heretical, and fit only for the mouth of a Protestant. Alarmed by such a censure he submitted; and proposed the next day to perform such cures as God would enable him.

On the next day, accordingly, the gates of

the convent were thronged with the lame, the blind, and the diseased of all classes. Amongst these there were numbers of Protestants, who, led partly by example, partly by a faint and confused hope in the possibility of the thing, ventured to try the effect. The crowd waited with great patience a considerable time, while poor M'Miracle poured out his soul in prayer for the success of his operations with the substituted bones. It was an interval of awful and anxious expectation. The Protestants affected to laugh at the whole business; even at their own attempts and hopes. The Catholics rebuked them for this irreverent levity, and reasonably enough asked them, with such feelings, what brought them there? Amongst the crowd were a number of pilgrims and sturdy beggars, professing sanctity of various kinds and degrees. Some of these were by no means friendly to the undertaking of Father M'Miracle. They considered that working cures of this kind was not properly his vocation, who was a regular priest, but was rather the province of the irregular practitioners in sanctity.

One of these men was particularly loud and vehement in his censure; and the amazing strength of his lungs was greatly assisted by the

bulk and height of his stature. He towered, by a head and shoulders, above the crowd, and might be about fifty years of age. He wore a beard, the growth of many years, reaching down to his middle. Round his ample waist was a leathern girdle, from which was suspended various beads, rosaries, crosses, and scapulers, all of which differed in their qualities and virtues. Appended to this belt also, were a great variety of bags, pockets, and pouches, all well filled. He wore a jacket, the original colour or quality of which it was then difficult to ascertain, as the whole was patched, or overlaid with innumerable shreds of all kinds and shades of colour. On his back was an enormous pack, slung in the manner of a soldier's knapsack, and over the whole was thrown an immense cloak, fastened about his neck, and reaching down to his feet, and covering his pack, bundles, beads, and all. He wore strong shoes and no stockings. His cloak was whole and without patch; and in his hand he carried an immense staff, which reached some feet above his head, and was stout in proportion, and might have been the mainmast of a stout fishing boat.

Mortough M'Tierney (for that was the pilgrim's name) was said to be over seven feet

high, and certainly looked it, and he was strongly built in proportion. Mortough was in his youth what is called a suspicious character. He had never been fond of labour, but was given to indulgence of every kind; and it was whispered that he retained much of these propensities still, notwithstanding all the beads and scapulars with which he was ornamented. It was evident that he had been a man of no ordinary beauty of person, and an eye of uncommon brightness, and, occasionally, certain sarcastic and comical expressions of countenance, showed that neither the vigour of his youth, nor youthful ideas were yet passed.

Mortough found himself, when about thirty years of age, shunned as a pestilence by all the neighbouring farmers who had wives or daughters worth looking after. And it was even thought prudent, when Mortough was in the neighbourhood, to fold the sheep carefully at night, and keep a watch upon the cattle; which, it was remarked, were very apt to disappear suddenly, when in his vicinity. Notwithstanding all this, Mortough was an acceptable person at all times, particularly to the females, who discovered so many excuses for his petty irregularities, as reduced their moral turpitude to

very little. He was gay and good-humoured, and was known frequently to perform acts of kindness to the poor and unprotected, which went a great way to redeem his vices in the minds of the populace. A few shillings given to a poor person, atoned for as many pounds taken from a rich one.

But Mortough became tired of this mode of life, and made his debut in the country, suddenly, as a saint. He resolutely, and at once, renounced his old associates, put on the ragged costume of a "pilgrim," and with the formidable staff in his hand, which we have mentioned, set out for the famous theatre of sanctity, Lough Darig, on the Shannon. Here, partly by force, and partly by treaty, he obtained possession of the ferry by which the devotees of Saint Patrick communicate with the island, where is situated the sacred fountain, whose waters purify from all sin, at a certain season of the year. But Mortough's ambition soon extended beyond the ferry. He appointed a deputy ferryman, while he himself took up his position upon the holy mountain of the island, and performed vows and penances upon this consecrated ground for hire.

The holy mountain happens to be a very

rugged one, and the penitents of the fountain are compelled, by the immemorial usages of the place, and the ordinances of Saint Patrick (after having duly confessed their sins to the priest attending at the well); to perform a certain number of *rounds*, as they are called, or circles of the hill, on bare knees, repeating a stipulated number of prayers at each round.

This painful penance, though punctually performed by the poor, was found very unpleasant to the rich, who, accordingly, contrived to discharge this irksome duty as they do most others of an unpalatable nature, by deputy. Mortough seeing the opening thus afforded, presented himself as general undertaker of substituted penances, and was employed. He made certain moderate charges according to the number of rounds and prayers required, which were cheerfully paid. For a long time, this was a thriving and profitable trade, and Mortough, like other prosperous traders, gradually raised the prices of his labour.

But at length some reports got abroad that Mortough, though very exact in receiving the stipulated payments, was not equally punctual in performing the precise number of prayers and rounds. This caused great consternation.

Mortough protested and swore that he had faithfully performed his engagements in all cases. But the report gained ground; and was at length found to originate like other injurious reports, in the jealousy of trade.

Some holy men, it appeared, of Mortough's calling, envying his lucrative monopoly of the mountain, had given rise to these scandalous rumours. Upon this occasion Mortough's indignation was kindled, and his ancient spirit revived: some of these pretenders, who had contemplated to succeed the degraded penance-performer, were soundly flogged; and precipitately withdrawing their pretensions, Mortough was reinstated in the undisputed possession of the hill.

Though now triumphing in the sovereignty which he had conquered; like other great personages, Mortough felt that some concession was due to public opinion, and to satisfy all jealousies, he generously proposed to perform over again any number of rounds, where the party could show the least reasonable cause of doubt respecting their performance. So much for indemnity as to the past; and for "security for the future," he suggested that the parties who had paid for rounds, or, if too troublesome

to themselves, some one for them, should sit on the hill side while he performed the appointed number, and that on making each circuit, he would, as he approached the spot, throw a stone down in proof of faithful performance. Upon this head, it was ungenerously hinted that throwing down a stone, from time to time, proved nothing, as this might be done though Mortough was sitting at his ease instead of travelling on his bare knees. Mortough took no notice of this unkind imputation upon his honour; nor was it attended to by the parties concerned. On the contrary, all were satisfied; and this practice of throwing the stone is continued to this day by the successors of Mortough M'Tierney, on the mount of Lough Darig.

Another incident tended greatly to promote Mortough's power and authority at Lough Darig, and elsewhere. The regular clergy, who attended at the holy well, were not a little jealous of Saint Mortough's profits and influence with the multitude; but they were generally kept in awe by the daring character of the man. One, however, was found bold enough to denounce his miracles (for Mortough worked miracles) as gross and impudent impostures, and his whole life as a slander upon the church

with which he affected to be connected. The priest, who ventured upon this attack, was a man upon whose character and conduct Mortough could not retort; they were known to be perfectly stainless. — But he suddenly disappeared.

He had been called up one dark winter's night to attend a sick parishioner. He obeyed the call, and was never heard of after. All that was ever known was, that the call was a feigned one; he had not been sent for. And the rumour was spread that it was a judgment of God for his unjust attack upon the saint of Lough Darig. After this no priest ever ventured to hint anything improper of this formidable and saintly personage.

Various other small matters of pique existed between Mortough and the regular clergy; the chief of which was upon the subject of miracles and relics. He considered his own collection of the latter greatly superior to what any clergyman could boast; and he maintained that miracle working was quite beside the proper business of a clergyman, and belonged of right to such irregular practitioners as himself. The clergy had their alloted duties, to which were

attached certain very comfortable profits, and they ought, he said, to be content with these, and not seek to trespass upon those wilder and more barren domains, where the poor pilgrim picked up his scanty pittance.

CHAPTER IX.

Mortough had been driven from his residence at Lough Darig, by the operations of the armies; and not liking much to fall into the hands of the English, nor being willing to subject himself to the discomforts to which the rapid marches of the Irish troops might expose him, he resolved to take up his abode, for a period, at Armagh, where he hoped to manage a sufficient interest to keep himself in quiet and safety, whoever may be masters of it.

On the morning when the evangelical father, M'Miracle, was to perform his miraculous cures, for the honour of the holy catholic church, and the good of the people, Mortough M'Tierney followed the crowd to the gate of the convent, and took his place in the midst of the assemblage, resolved to watch narrowly the proceedings of the priest, and to turn them, if possible, to his own advantage.

He commenced his operations by haranguing

the people; gaining their attention with the true skill of a popular orator, by various humorous remarks, and saintly ejaculations. "If Father M'Miracle," said he, looking round upon an appalling circle of sick and maimed people, "if he can cure all these poor creatures, he had better go to M'Guire's head quarters, he will there find business enough to do. What signifies curing these poor things that are good for nothing?"

This was admitted to be a most sensible remark; and the crowd wondered that the reverend Father did not repair at once to the camp. But their wonder ceased when some one observed, that the priest was a prisoner, and probably would not be suffered to go.

"What!" said Mortough, "a man that can make the lame to walk, and the blind to see, and cannot find his own way outside the walls of this town;—no, no, if he could put that leg together, he could put that stone wall asunder, and walk forth, and who could hold him?"

Again this was thought by the listening multitude to be very conclusive logic.

"Good people," said Mortough, "I am but a poor pilgrim, and no priest, and I have with

God's help cured many a sinner; if there be any amongst you that have faith, and want to be made whole, let him stand forward and he shall be cured."

This bold challenge was received with a murmur of applause. But no one came forward; and it appeared that the numerous sick were determined to wait the expected relief from the hand of the regular practitioner.

"Well, we will see by and bye," said Mortough, in dudgeon. "And here comes the man that is to cure you all."

As he said this, the gate of the convent opened, and the prior M'Egan and Father M'Miracle, attended by several monks and friars bearing the sacred relics, appeared before the multitude. There was now a great commotion in the crowd, occasioned by the eagerness of the people to bring forward their sick. M'Miracle began with a young woman, whose arm had been bent at the elbow for some months, and she could not straighten it. The priest examined her arm (for he had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of the human frame), asked her several judicious questions concerning it, and the time and manner of the injury it had sustained; then inquired as to her faith, and whether

she had duly confessed and performed her religious duties according to the intention of the church. Being at length satisfied upon these heads, he said a short prayer, applying at the same time the substituted arm-bone of St. Columbkil to the diseased part, and desired her in the name of the saint to stretch forth her arm; but she essayed in vain to obey. The priest, however, proceeded quietly to renew the application of the bone with prayer; and after a little while, repeated his command to stretch forth her arm, accompanying it, however, this time, with a very smart stroke upon the bent elbow.

The application took effect, — the arm was straightened, — the miracle was complete. A miracle! a miracle! was shouted from the crowd. This was followed by a solemn silence. The women knelt and smote their breasts, praying in a low and fervent murmur. The men stood uncovered, and, with looks full of reverence and awe, as in the presence of the angel of God. At this instant the prior stepped forward, and taking off a little black cap, surmounted by a bunch of velvet resembling a black poppy, he bustled amongst the crowd, with little regard for the deep devotion which had fallen upon

them; holding out his cap at full arm's length, and calling with a loud voice, — "Your alms, good people, your alms for the poor convent of Innisdune." Impressed with solemn religious feeling as the multitude were, many shrank from the prior's bonnet, as if it had been a serpent; so quickly does the demand of money bring back the wandering spirit from its rare excursions beyond this world's disk, and compel it, with the power of a potent talisman, to re-enter its house of flesh. But the greater number gave something, and the prior seemed satisfied with his collection.

The miracles were now renewed, and the important case we have related was followed by several others, selected by the priest, in all of which he was declared by the patients to be successful. These were chiefly cases of local pains, swellings, and other infirmities of this class. In the more serious cases of blindness and lameness, the reverend Father refused to interfere, alleging that, for these, more time and preparation on his part would be necessary, in prayer, fasting, and supplication. This was no small disappointment to these poor people, who had the fullest confidence that if the reverend Father could be prevailed upon to undertake

their cure, he could not possibly fail. And the discontent of these unfortunates, soon broke out into loud and angry lamentation.

There was one old man having both his knees miserably contracted, who surpassed the whole multitude in clamour and excess of grief. He besought the priest in a strain of the most moving eloquence, that he would have compassion on him, and heal his infirmity; and when this failed he would break out into the utmost violence of invective, until, quite exhausted, he would descend again into the gentle tone of expostulation and intreaty. The old man succeeded. He won the sympathy of the whole crowd. Even the sick that surrounded him ceased to complain. The vehemence of his grief subdued all other sorrow; and Father M'Miracle felt compelled to turn towards him. He enquired his complaint with a look full of pity and embarrassment. His dismay was somewhat increased by the man's story. He had been for twenty years a cripple; and had tried at various times all the aid that human skill and superhuman agency could furnish, but all in vain. Nevertheless, his faith was perfect, for it had been revealed to him in a dream that he would be cured that day by a holy man,

full of power and the Spirit of God, and that man was surely no other than his Reverence.

This was some assurance for the embarrassed miracle-worker, and he proceeded with his task, for he saw that the crowd would insist upon it. "Why do you hesitate, M'Miracle?" said the prior in Latin; "if the man is not cured, we will put it upon want of faith and due preparation on his part, as it undoubtedly must be."

M'Miracle knelt, prayed, and applied his holy bones. He suffered an agony of anxiety. The big drops of sweat rolled from his forehead, and streamed down the labouring muscles of his face. The crowd was still as death; and every eye was upon the painful paroxysm of the holy man. — He rose, and commanded the patient to stretch forth his limbs. The effort to obey cost him a shriek of torture, but it did not succeed. There was a murmur of extreme disappointment in the crowd. Father M'Miracle put his hand to his forehead, as if to relieve a painful throbbing there — then he unbuttoned his vest, and taking out a small golden case, he opened it, and produced a fragment of the *real cross*. "Man," said he, "if God has not deserted you, this will cure," and he applied it to the affected part. But

even this was in vain, and M'Miracle continued gazing on the patient with a look of stupid astonishment.

"Take him away," said the prior, stepping forward; "he is an abomination. God has given him up to reprobation, — away with him. Wretch, devoted to wickedness and damnation, why did you presume to call upon the name of God, and to profane his holy rites? How could you ask for cure for your bodily infirmities, whose soul is sunk in the mire of iniquity, and the lowest sink of sin?"

"I call God to witness," said the man, "that I have regularly attended mass, and performed all religious duties without fail these forty years. I am no sinner, Father Prior."

"It is false," said the prior; "away with him, there is blood upon him, he is a murderer."

"Nay," said the man, "if I killed, I paid my *erick* to the last penny, and got absolution too, except for the Saxon throats which I might have cut," said he, looking round, "and these require neither erick nor absolution. I did some service to my country when I had the use of my limbs, sir prior; and if you cannot cure me, you need not take away my character."

"Away with him, away with him," roared

the prior; "will no one take this fellow away; the curse of God is upon him!"

"Nay, stop, good people, said Mortough M'Tierney, stepping forward with a stride and a motion of his staff, which brought him at once close beside the sick man, "I know this poor man," continued the pilgrim, "and a braver and honester gallowglass, when he had his health, never wore armour, or drew a *skein* upon the Saxon. Fie upon it, that he should now be belied, because God will not answer the priest, who should be minding his masses and his absolutions, instead of trying cures which he does not understand. Saint Columbkil himself left these matters to the pilgrims. The priests of former days were not like the priests of these times. The prior's cap did not go the round of the crowd when any little matter was done, such as thumping a girl's arm straight, that only wanted a little force to restore it to its natural position, and persuading these poor creatures that they are cured of their tooth-aches and rheumatisms. My old friend, M'Donough, was neither to be thumped nor persuaded into a miracle, for he was a soldier."

The pilgrim said all this with an air of au-

thority, and a confidence of power which silenced and astounded the priests. The crowd were divided, but M'Tierney went on: "There," said he, throwing down his pack on the ground, "there are real relics of the saints, the real bones of Columbkil, and not the sham bones which the prior took last night from the grave in the east angle of St. Augustin's chapel, close to the broken wall, — see if it is not still open."

The people looked astonished, and Mortough saw that the tide was beginning to run rapidly at his side. "But I do not ask you to credit me," said he, "who am but a poor pilgrim, give credit rather to what I do." And kneeling by the side of the sick soldier, he applied his *genuine* bones, and said a short and quiet prayer, then commanded the sick man to stretch out his limbs and rise. The command was instantly obeyed. The sick man leaped from his bed, and never man appeared to enjoy the use of his limbs more fully. The crowd were amazed, and Mortough's triumph was complete, as was the prior's discomfiture.

M'Miracle attributed this occurrence to Mortough's having the true bones of the saint. M'Egan saw at once that he was tricked and

beaten at his own weapons, but he dare not now say so: the people would not listen to him; M'Tierney had them completely in hand. Nor did he consider it wise to enter into a controversy upon the subject which might lead to an inconvenient exposition of the art of miracle working. The priests retired, therefore, quietly into the convent, and left Mortough to enjoy his triumph.

But the sagacious pilgrim did not remain long upon the field of victory. He replaced the precious relics in his sack, took out a few of the blessed stones of Lough Darig, and distributed them to the crowd around him, then slung his huge burden upon his shoulder, blessed the people, and casting a knowing glance at the convent windows, which were crowded, left the place. As he went, some little presents were tendered to him by the admiring spectators, but he declined them steadily, and was soon out of sight.

Colonel Marvel beheld this curious scene from the convent windows, and was greatly amused by the clever knavery of the gigantic pilgrim. M'Egan had joined him as a spectator before Mortough had made his triumphant retreat. "What think you of all that, reverend

Father?" said the Colonel, as the crowd slowly dispersed. "Mortough has beaten you hollow; and do you observe this sagacious flock of yours, with what looks of curiosity and simpering malice they reconnoitre the windows?"

"Aye, aye," said the prior, "the rogues are malicious enough; I warrant you, they enjoy our defeat. Poor M'Miracle is no match for Mortough. See what an advantage pure unmixed roguery has over simple delusion. Mortough M'Tierney is a thorough knave, a most accomplished villain, who is not embarrassed in his operations by the least scruple of honesty or conscience. M'Miracle, though under the influence of a strong delusion, and having implicit faith in the reality of his performances, is borne down occasionally by misgivings of his own worthiness.—Sincerity and credulity make an awkward mixture."

"But Mortough performed the cure fairly, I think?"

"Yes, and very easily, for the scoundrel who acted the sick man, had as sound legs as I have. He is one of Mortough's fraternity of thieves. They are both *Tories*, or were so, but have, some time since, taken to the safer trade of miracle working."

"Which class of characters, Father, do you think perform the greater number of cures, the rogue miracle-worker, or the mad miracle-worker?"

"They are both very successful, but the range of their operations is very limited, being confined to trifling cases. But some things occur, from time to time, very strange and unaccountable, and these keep up the credit of the trade. Our modern miracle-workers resemble the dealers in magic, and diviners of dreams, in ancient times, who, in the midst of a current of failures and fooleries, sometimes shook the minds of the wisest, by astonishing things. For there are mysteries in nature that we cannot divine."

Mac Egan said all this in a low tone of voice, and looking carefully round lest he should be heard by any of the pious people of the convent.

"But why, Mac Egan," said the Colonel, "can a man of your understanding, and thinking as you do, condescend to the practice of these tricks?"

"I do not practise them," said the Prior; "and why should I prevent M'Miracle, or discountenance him? He does good; he cures

many persons some how or other; and never does any one any harm. The people are pleased with those things, which serve, at the same time, to give us a strong hold of them; and this is necessary, Colonel. The enlightened of mankind may be governed, perhaps, by truth; the ignorant need a mixture of error, and they will have it. Ignorance is a thirsty-soil; it will drink delusion like the rain drops, or absorb it from the atmosphere. If we did not supply the crowd with a little of this delightful beverage, they would turn away from us, and run after such fellows as Mortough M'Tierney."

"Then, why do you leave your people so ignorant?"

"The crowd must always be ignorant and superstitious; you may make them protestant, or any thing you will, Colonel; but it will be only a new modification of ignorance and error. Labour is the lot of the multitude; and those who dig the earth for bread, must leave the mind uncultivated."

"Not so, Father; the poor, indeed, cannot discover truth; they have not time; but they can apprehend it when presented to them. Those whom they support by their labour, should, in return, supply them with the food of

the mind. The poor should be instructed by the rich."

"But, until the rich undertake this task, and it will be some time, we must go on in the old track. Why should not we of the clerical profession have our little artifices? you use them in your trade of war; the lawyers have their fictions, the men of medicine their quackeries, and all the inferior pursuits of life are full of deceptions."

"It is true," said the Colonel; "but here comes M'Dermot and his sister; we will appeal to them against all the deceits of the world."

"They are partial judges," said the prior, "and have long declared war against all the innocent contrivances by which mankind manage to rub on so smoothly together. The small deceptions of society are like oil poured upon the wheels of this great machine of the world, which enables it to roll on without catching fire."

M'Dermot and his sister now joined the Colonel and his antagonist in argument.

"There are a number," said M'Dermot, taking up the subject, "a great number of harmless deceptions, as they are called, practised in the world. I could never admit the necessity of them. They are only needful for weak

characters; vigorous minds may cast them off, and feel no want of them. As men of very strong minds escape by the vigour of their intellect from the small subtleties which entangle weaker spirits, so, very simple-minded persons, by their very simplicity, disentangle themselves without effort. There is our delightful organist, Connellan; he is not like Mac Miracle, a kind of half-idiot, but he is entirely as simple; this seems not to be the effect of any want of ability, but the result of a total and entire devotedness to his favourite pursuit. It flows from the very energy and engrossing nature of his prevailing passion, which left him no thought or sensation for other things, and annihilated to his imagination all but the world of sweet sounds."

"Colonel Marvel has not heard our musician, I believe?" said Mrs. Mac Mahon.

"I have not," said the Colonel, "but am anxious to hear one who excels so greatly."

"He is to perform at evening service," said the lady, "and you will have an opportunity of judging of his skill. He has been employed since he came here in putting the chapel organ in repair, and he has at length accomplished his task."

"I shall certainly attend."

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Mac Mahon, in the course of her journey to Armagh, in company with Colonel Marvel and her brother, had insensibly lost some of that reserve and melancholy which, since the death of her husband, had clouded her mind. The whole party had journeyed in deep silence for the first days; until, at length, the kindred spirits of Marvel and M'Dermot felt their affinity, notwithstanding the repulsive circumstances surrounding them.

They soon entered into communication and esteem, and the pleasures of cordial intercourse followed; and as they approached Armagh, they were already brothers of the heart, without profession or pretension of any kind.

Mrs. Mac Mahon had been a listener to their conversations; and, towards the end of the journey, she was surprised to find herself taking part in this intercourse of congenial minds. The timidity that shrank from too free a communion,

even with her own friends, and turned with horror from the touch or the glance of a stranger, and made her tremble even at the sound of his voice; all this was gone, or was fading away.

It was, no doubt, to be accounted for, she thought, by the keen relish which her brother seemed to have in the stranger's discourse, and her sympathy in all her brother's pleasures. But, after accounting for it in this natural way, there still rested upon her mind an indistinct feeling of surprise, which she declined further to examine.

The Colonel, as we have said, was wounded, though but slightly, and in the course of the march it was necessary to dress his wounds. This office was performed for him by his orderly-man, Sergeant Haughton. This person considered himself a very skilful nurse, and particularly expert in the dressing of wounds. But Mrs. M'Mahon, who looked on during his performance, seemed to think otherwise, and on the second or third dressing, we are not positive which, she became so impatient of his awkwardness, that she proposed to assist. It was in this case, as it often happens in others, that the assistant was soon permitted to have the whole task. The principal threw the burden

on the helper. We are bound, however, in justice to Sergeant Haughton, to state, that if he left the whole business in the hands of the lady, it was partly because of the reverence he had for the sex, and partly because he saw very plainly that the Colonel preferred the soft white hands of the young and beautiful widow to the iron fingers of the war-worn sergeant. But he could not admit that the lady was more *cunning* in the dressing of gun-shot wounds or sabre cuts, though he did not deny that she was by no means ignorant of the art.

When established in the Augustin Friary at Armagh, Mrs. M'Mahon continued to dress the Colonel's wounds, because, in the course of the journey, she had become acquainted with the best mode of treating them. It was, therefore, unavoidable that she should fall into some intimacy with the patient. And whether it was this intimacy, or what else, it does not appear, but her character about this time seemed materially changed. Her habitual coldness and melancholy had disappeared: she was cheerful, and could even be, occasionally, gay. The change was sudden, but it was complete. It came like the summer of the northern regions, at once blooming, radiant, and astonishing.

Her pale cheek put on the blush of health and pleasure beamed in her eye.

M'Dermot saw the improvement in his sister's health, and rejoiced in it; but, deeply engaged in his own abstractions, he noticed it no further. The few weeks thus spent in the convent, in dressing the wounds of the sick Colonel, administering to the wants of the crowded poor in the town, and occasionally assisting in the choir of the chapel when Father Connellan performed, (on which occasions Colonel Marvel was a regular attendant,) this was the happiest period of Mrs. M'Mahon's life.

It was at these festivals of solemn music at the Augustinian convent, that Connellan's talents seemed to have united the hostile interests and parties of Armagh. The power of music triumphed over the power of prejudice, or effected a momentary truce. It is true that the mild and just dominion of Colonel Marvel contributed not a little to this result. Before his command at Armagh, no Protestant would have ventured to set foot in a Roman Catholic chapel. No Catholic would have said "God save you" to the reprobate heretic, who dared deny the divine authority of the bishop of Rome. In aid

of the colonel's excellent character, and of the marvellous power of harmony, there were also the cogent persuasions of necessity. The inhabitants of Armagh were mingled and crowded together, — a most miscellaneous multitude of every rank and character. They were forced by the necessity of the case into some indulgence and consideration for each other, as the voyagers in one ship, or the travellers in our modern invention of stage-coaches are rocked and jumbled into a temporary good humour and good neighbourhood with each other, by the feeling that any other kind of conduct would redound to their own intolerable inconvenience.

It was now the festival of St. Cormac, the patron saint of Innisdune, and was to be celebrated with all possible splendour. The prior was to officiate at the altar, M'Dermot was to preach, and Connellan was to preside at the organ. The fame of the ceremony, and of the organist, brought a crowd of all persuasions to the church of the Augustinian convent; nuns, priests, soldiers, citizens of all creeds and classes. The solemnity of the service, and the spell of music, had mingled and amalgamated the heterogeneous mass of the congregation into

one body of feeling. The sea of human passions, pent up in the little chapel, slept in profound peace. When the music ceased, and the prior no longer gave out his solemn responses from the altar, M'Dermot ascended the pulpit to preach.

His sermon was not one of theological controversy. Treating such subjects for an instant lightly and gently, for the purpose of putting them on a just principle, he turned to the first great law of the Christian dispensation, love to God, — love to mankind; and taking for his text those numerous passages of scripture which declare that this love is the fulfilment of the law, he pointed out that where the great obligation of Christian charity, as described by the apostle Paul, is wanting, all other gifts and graces avail nothing. M'Dermot possessed the first requisite of an orator; a heart and soul devoted to his subject, and forgetful of himself, and of all other considerations. His manner was earnest, and varied with his changeful feeling, now remonstrating warmly against the cruelty and selfishness of mankind, now pathetically deploring the woes of humanity, and again protesting vehemently against the tyranny in matters of opinion which poor erring mortals

struggle to obtain over each other; then would he flee away from the earth with all its perplexities and sorrows, and expatiate on those scenes of peace and blessedness which have been revealed in another and a better world, — the refuge of the afflicted of the earth. As his theme changed from the serious to the soothing, from the vehement to the pathetic, his fine countenance pictured his thoughts, and reflected every shading of his mind. A majority of his auditory thought he was inspired, and some few believed him mad, when, occasionally, in the progress of his discourse, he became powerfully agitated, and the dark shadows of his own fate rushed upon his heart, and his spirit laboured fearfully under the rolling cloud.

But even they who saw clearly that these were wanderings of the mind, were moved and subdued by them. The attention of the auditory was fixed. There was a breathless stillness; and a quick and low respiration proved the subdued emotion of the congregation. All, for a moment, forgot their differences and discords, and remembered only that they were brothers of the same species, and worshippers of the same God. — At this instant the report of a cannon shot was heard. — It pealed awfully through

the stillness. The Catholics crossed themselves, and ejaculated a prayer to the Virgin. The Protestants started from their seats, and rushed towards the door, — a few stopped to hear for an instant the fine voice of M'Dermot, who had changed his address to the congregation into an address to the Creator, and was supplicating the God of armies to have mercy upon his distracted country, and to give peace to the people. A long and loud discharge of musketry interrupted his prayer, and dispersed the frighted congregation.

During the service, much attention had been occasionally directed to a pew in the aisle, which was occupied by an officer in English undress uniform, and apparently of rank. His person was muffled in a large military cloak, which also partly concealed his face, and he sat so as to screen it effectually from observation. The service and the sermon appeared to move him greatly, he trembled and was violently agitated. At the sound of the cannon he started on his feet, but recovered himself immediately, and resumed his seat. Nor was he disturbed by the discharge of musketry that followed. He did not seem to notice it.

The crowd was now nearly gone; the preacher

was still in the pulpit engaged in fervent, but hardly audible, prayer. Colonel Marvel had upon the first alarm quitted the chapel, by a private door which led through the garden of the convent to the town wall. Mrs. M'Mahon took the same way, in the hope of tranquillizing her mind in this quiet spot, for throughout the town, and in the convent, all was bustle and agitation. She had walked slowly the length of a short avenue of cypress, when at the end of it, the British officer who had excited so much curiosity at the chapel, crossed the path and stood before her. — It was Marshal Bagnal. She stood, fixed to the spot by surprise and terror; he did not appear to notice her violent emotion.

"Mrs. M'Mahon," said the Marshal, "will be surprised that Henry Bagnal should choose a Romish chapel as a place of devotion; but her presence might recommend a place even that he had more objection to."

"I should hope," replied Mrs. M'Mahon, recovering her courage, "that the place had much better recommendations to Marshal Bagnal."

"I will confess," said he, "that I have been heavy at heart, and that the solemnity of this

ancient chapel suited to the tone of my mind. — Do not leave me, Mrs. M'Mahon," (for she was moving away,) "there is nothing to alarm you in the unhappy being before you."

"Unhappy! Who, then, can be counted happy, when the high and the fortunate Marshal Bagnal complains of unhappiness?"

"Can he be fortunate who is despised by the woman he loves; who is hated by the people he rules over; who, in the midst of his apparent prosperity, has not in the world one kindred soul to lean upon?"

"The world thinks that Marshal Bagnal is above woman's love, or man's opinion, — above all the common necessities of friendship or fondness."

"And so thought Marshal Bagnal till friendship and fondness passed away from him; and till the love of woman came to complete his ruin."

"If you have indeed changed your opinion, there is hope you may yet be a blessing to Ireland. It is the happy privilege of a Christian that he can lay down in a moment the burden of his transgressions of many years; and renew the innocency of his soul in the blessedness of the Redeemer."

"Yes, I know it, and believe it; — but you talked of hope."

"I talked of a Christian's hope.—"

"Dear Mrs. M'Mahon, this affords me no consolation. Is it not necessary to repent,—to renounce our transgressions, and to abhor them?—"

"And who that feels and acknowledges their burden, would not do this?"

"Many,—many. I have felt a loathing and abhorrence for myself, and for those guilty fooleries, which have been the objects of my pursuit. But I have returned again and again with increased alacrity to my habitual course. There was one who might have drawn me away from these deadly vanities; and made my administration in Ireland happy for the country, and happier for myself. What, has she not to answer for, who refused to save my soul?"

"Oh! do not speak so," said Mrs. M'Mahon; "God forbid, that any act of mine should injure the soul of any human creature."

"Can you love me?" said he, taking her hand;—"no, you cannot, I feel by the tremor of these fingers that you cannot; and why have I sought this interview? I know not; for I had no hope: but it is something to tell one's misery.—There," said he, letting go her hand, "for this poor gratification,

I have quitted my army at a critical moment; and by this cannonade, something has occurred: — no matter, I will set it to rights presently. I will return to scenes of blood, like the tiger after he has drank of the poisoned but delightful spring, whose only joy is to devour and be devoured."

"Oh! do not speak such terrible words."

"Dearest! I came not to terrify or distress you; but this cursed weakness.

Mrs. M'Mahon looked terrified.

"Nay, love, be not alarmed; you might have saved me, and you would not; you are the punishment of my sins."

"I am a very unhappy creature. I know not the passion they call love, if I may judge of it by some few instances I have seen."

"And I was the last could have lighted it in that pure bosom; in truth, I was not worthy of your lovè; I was a man of violence, and they say my hands are red. But that is my trade, my occupation. Now, lady, you see how gentle I am; I did you no wrong, no violence. There are messengers coming, and I must join the army; if I fall, will you pray for my soul?"

"If my prayer could avail, even for you, it

should be most fervently offered to the throne of mercy."

"Thank you, and it would avail; all Protestant as I am, I would not be without your prayer; yes, pray for me, I am a ruined and an unhappy man, who has injured some, but whom many have requited with wrong; even you are not guiltless. I will see you again, love; even this intercourse is a consolation; to open up the overcharged heart; to be weak and foolish, without being despised; and to taste the balm of pity, without despising yourself; all this is happiness. Adieu." He kissed her hand, and striking suddenly into another walk, met the messengers who were approaching. They delivered him some written papers, and he immediately left the garden.

The firing which had been heard during the service at the convent, proceeded from a division of Bagnal's corps, which had approached the walls. The Marshal had rode forward in advance, and entered the chapel in the early part of the service. In the mean time, his division had moved forward, and had unexpectedly encountered a column of Irish, under the command of O'Moore. Bagnal had acted imprudently in pushing forward this corps; and the real cause

of this military error was to be found in his impatience to behold once more the woman who had subdued his rugged and untameable heart. When the first cannon shot was fired, he felt the error that he had committed, but the object of his strange and almost savage affection was now before him, and he could not resolve to leave her, till he had poured out at her feet the agonies of his bosom.

The messengers told him that his troops were repulsed from under the walls of the town, and were retreating in disorder; and it was feared, from the enemy's activity, might be totally defeated, before they could fall back on the columns in their rear.

While Marshal Bagnal was engaged in the conversation in the garden, a sketch of which we have just given, the citizens of Armagh had poured in multitudes from their churches and houses, to view the army which was approaching the walls. The Protestant inhabitants had been, for a long time, very uncertain of their fate; they had heard much of O'Neil's preparations; and knew, by experience, what a visit from any branch of that family might bring with it. They were, therefore, most anxious for the presence of Bagnal's army; and when they dis-

cerned his well-known standards, their joy was without bounds. In their triumph, they forgot their late learned moderation. A large stone cross of great beauty and antiquity, and three smaller ones, which stood in the small square, in front of the cathedral, were levelled to the ground, with every mark of indignity. The mob of *Reformers* which had effected this great purification, were proceeding to more serious attacks upon other strong holds of Popery, when their attention was excited by the smart cannonade without the walls which we have noticed.

When the troops had first appeared in sight, some firing had been heard at a distance; but this might have been accident or rejoicing, and so it was considered. The rioters huzzaed at every volley; and, after a short pause, renewed their attacks with increased vigour. They had succeeded in demolishing the gates of the convent of Saint John, which, in consequence of its curious workmanship, and numerous crosses, was particularly obnoxious to these zealots of an anti-emblematic worship, when the increasing bustle outside the town made them leave their work unfinished, and hasten to the walls.

CHAPTER XI.

The scene which presented itself, was a complete sedative of their new-born zeal. The British were in rapid retreat, pressed by an Irish force, of the existence of which, in that neighbourhood, no one had dreamed. The retreating army faced about repeatedly, and maintained a sharp conflict for some time, with obstinate resolution. But the ground was particularly unfavourable to the movements of a regular force. It was low and marshy, and intersected by streams and dykes, and rows of willows and scattered under-wood, which afforded every facility to the rapid and irregular movements of the Irish, practised as they were in this species of warfare. Colonel Marvel had left the town with what troops he could muster, and was seen covering the retreat with great judgment, and giving all the aid which his knowledge of the ground made so important. At length Marshal Bagnal was discerned riding

at full speed towards the place of action. He was received with a cheer by the soldiers he had thus sacrificed, and by the citizens on the walls of the town, whose safety he had compromised. So rarely is the applause of the people given where due.

Bagnal, mounted on his grey charger, and wearing his usual short red cloak and doublet, was visible to both armies for a considerable distance, though occasionally concealed by thickets and hollow ways. He, now, plunged into the Callan and gained the opposite bank, where he became again concealed by brushwood. Every eye was on the spot. But Bagnal did not appear. At length, after the delay of a minute or two, the agitation of the bushes, followed by several shots fired rapidly, and the smoke ascending from the trees, gave notice of an ambuscade. A few British horse hastened to the spot, but before they reached it, the Marshal's noble charger sprang from the thicket, bearing with him two tall gallowglasses hanging upon his mane. Having gained the open plain, he shook himself free from these incumbrances with the assistance of his rider, whose only weapon, now, was a broken pistol; and starting forward again, soon reached the point where

the rear platoon of the British were struggling to keep the enemy at bay. The Marshal had no sooner arrived at this point, than his horse fell under him and expired. His rider might have been moved at the fate of the fine animal, whose courage and strength had saved his life, and who had received the wounds intended for his master. But it was an occasion of too much urgency for the indulgence of sentiment. He dismounted instantly, and putting himself at the head of the little platoon which had availed itself of a kind of natural intrenchment in a small island, formed by the winding of the river, he drove back the enemy by a violent effort, and then wheeling about, retreated rapidly.

The valley of the Callan was now again in repose. The tide of war had swept through it, and was passed; and had left only the usual deposit of this foul flood, a few mangled corpses, and scattered and broken instruments of destruction. But all was at peace. The inhabitants of Armagh were standing upon the walls, men, women, and children, Catholics and Protestants, gazing now upon the vacuity before them. Many of them had friends and relatives in both armies; and their anxiety for the event

of the combat which had passed before them was wound up to the highest pitch. The report of the cannon and musketry, as these fearful sounds came on the wind from the receding battle, made every heart tremble with apprehension.

After a while some stragglers from the fight appeared in view, and these, as they approached, occasioned a general commotion amongst the crowd, to learn news from the combat. The accounts were various, and oracular; and only served to torture the expectants. As it grew late in the day many, unable longer to control their impatience, walked forward, in the direction the armies had taken, to learn, if possible, more accurate information. Some of these returned, towards dark, bringing accounts that Marshal Bagnal's retreat was converted into flight; but that he would be able to reach the other divisions of his army on the following day; and that his assailants, O'Moore and De Burgo expected, also, considerable reinforcements; it would be a hard contest.

The morning's light found the same uncertainty and anxiety in the town of Armagh. The Protestant population were busy arranging their affairs, packing up their effects, and making their

wills. The Catholics were silent and cautious, awaiting events. There was perfect stillness and tranquillity in the town; and nothing gave notice of the turbulent excesses of the preceding morning, but the gateless church of Saint John, and the prostrate and broken crosses in the square. It was twelve o'clock; and there was, as yet, nothing decisive from the armies. The people of both communions at length began to venture into the street, and stood in little groups, apart, discussing, in under voices, the chances that involved their fate. These little knots of debaters were startled by the bell of the cathedral tolling for service. It was not service day; but several of the Protestant inhabitants had sent to the dean, requesting, that upon this awful occasion, the people may be gratified by the performance of divine service. The dean complied; and when the bell tolled, every one felt the propriety of what was done; and the solemn chime carried an unusual meaning and emphasis to every heart. It seemed as if it had never sounded so solemnly before.

The people now proceeded in great numbers towards the cathedral. Those who, the preceding morning, had rioted in acts of violence, in the confidence of power, now hastened to

supplicate the God of armies for that victory which they had showed such a disposition to abuse; and to acknowledge that all power is derived from him, whose precepts of humility and charity they had so flagrantly disobeyed. The church was crowded; and never was service heard with more profound attention. Never was the disposing power of the great Creator more fully recognized, or more deeply felt. The congregation, prostrate on the earth, wept at the words which they had so often heard with indifference or inattention. The contagion of deep feeling spread through the multitude, until all were dissolved in tears, and the voice of the reader was drowned in the sobbing of the people.

It was now announced that the service would be repeated the following day, and that the Rev. Mr. Jowler, a newly arrived minister from England, would preach; and the congregation took their way from the church to the town-walls, to watch for the arrival of intelligence from the army. No one had arrived from the scene of action for some time, and the anxiety of the people was at its height; but, soothed as they had been by their devotions, they waited with more patience than on the former day. The walls

were crowded. There was a young woman, who, from the first appearance of the armies, had never left them. She sat patiently, and motionless, and without uttering a word. Day and night she had remained sitting upon this spot. She must have had some uncommon motive; and that motive, after a little whispering and consultation in the crowd, was said to be a romantic attachment for a young soldier of Marshal Bagnal's army.

It was a common story. Her lover had been the friend and benefactor of her widowed mother, and the hand of the lovely daughter was to be his reward. The young man in this, and various services of humanity, had become poor, and sought to repair his shattered fortunes in the then profitable service of the army; and though now but a private, had reason to expect promotion. Prudence had made them postpone their marriage; but love spoke more eloquently than prudence; and they at length determined that they would hear the arguments of prudence *after* marriage. The lovers were to be united when Marshal Bagnal's corps should enter the town.

The patience of the multitude on the wall was nearly exhausted, when the young woman,

who had not spoken for the day, announced that a horseman was approaching. All gazed; but none could discern the horseman. The young woman was positive; the horse was of a dark colour, and covered with foam, and she heard his tramp distinctly. It was wonderful; for no one else could see or hear any thing in the distance, though they strained their sight to the utmost. The wonder was increased; when, regardless of the incredulity about her, she announced a second and a third horseman. She was then pronounced to be gone mad with grief. Less than a minute, however, convinced the crowd of the soundness of her mind, and the accuracy of her eyes and ears. A man mounted on a black horse was seen in the distance, as she had stated, covered with foam, and approaching at full speed, and followed, at short intervals, by two other horsemen.

Whether it was, that the deep interest which she had in the scene had sharpened the sight and the hearing of this young woman, and given her an Indian's instinct in the apprehension of distant objects; or whether the fate which was impending over her had, as sometimes seems to be the case, visited her with a mysterious discernment of coming occurrences

in which the heart's interests are involved, we shall not pretend to say; for life is full of inexplicable things.

The first horseman was now within reach of the voice; and a thousand tongues from the wall asked the fortune of the day; the sentence of life or death upon such a multitude! The horseman answered only by signs, which could not be distinctly interpreted. The multitude waited impatiently his nearer approach. But turning his horse's head southward, he passed the town, and continued his flight in that direction. What could be thought of this? He might be a friend to the Irish; for he was not a military man; and his conduct in denying any satisfactory intelligence, seemed to give weight to the conjecture. But there were some upon the wall who knew the stranger, and told that he was a citizen of Dublin, who had been in the neighbourhood for some time upon mercantile affairs connected with the army. He might possibly be the bearer of good news, and impatient to convey it to the capital. While this chance was discussing, the second horseman approached, and passed, in like manner, to the south, without making even a sign. It was like

a fearful pageant, and the people stood in terror and amazement, looking on.

The third horseman came slowly, and kept the anxious crowd in painful suspence, — all but the young woman, whose anxiety surpassed the feeling of the multitude. "It is lost," said she, before yet the traveller's countenance could be discerned by the trembling people. "It is lost, and he will tell you so;" and she wrung her hands in anguish, while she set up the wild and mournful cry of the Irish for the beloved of their hearts. "It is lost," said the horseman at length, as he turned his horse's head to the walls, and made a feeble effort to stand for an instant in his stirrups, "the whole army has been put to the rout." The people on the walls stood transfixed with amazement, as if the man had told an impossible thing, — a story of a traveller, which no reasonable person could credit. Notwithstanding all their fears and alarms, it seemed as if they had always believed them groundless, and were now astonished to find them have some real foundation. As the traveller entered the gates, the noise and tumult increased inside, and crowds flocked round him to hear the details of this astonishing disaster.

A short period brought other narrators of the event. The road became thronged with fugitives on foot and on horseback, amongst which were a number of wounded borne on litters, or heaped on cars. Accompanying these were a mixed multitude, who sought anxiously the protection of the walls of Armagh. This miscellaneous crowd soon filled the town. The weary soldiers sat down in the streets, the wounded were laid on the footways, and the city assumed in a few minutes the appearance of a great hospital. The inhabitants now became apprehensive for the fate of their commandant, Colonel Marvel. In the commencement of the conflict with O'Moore, he had hastened with the few men he thought it prudent to detach from the town, to support Bagnal's division. He had directed the retreat until that general arrived, and was not afterwards heard of. His friends at the convent (for they were friends) were no less anxious for his safety. At the instance of Mrs. M'Mahon and her brother, the prior despatched some trusty messengers to look after him, and attend to his safety, in case he might have fallen into the hands of the Irish. But he was already in the town, and was in a few minutes in the convent.

The colonel arrived with all his former wounds open and bleeding, and some additional ones. The violent exertions of the fight had re-opened his wounds; and in a sharp conflict, in which he was taken prisoner, he received some more. He was immediately released by O'Moore, and permitted to return on his parole to Armagh, until some other place should be provided for him. O'Moore and Marvel were old acquaintances and friends; and though they met frequently in combat, there was no hostility in their hearts

Mrs. M'Mahon now redoubled her attentions to the sick man, for the colonel was greatly disturbed by the alarming prospect of affairs, and was sick both in mind and body. M'Dermot soothed him with the gentlest solicitude, endeavouring to win his attention from the perplexing occurrences of the world, and to lead his thoughts away to those speculations of futurity, and the higher destinies of mankind, which never fail to calm the agitations which are excited by the low conflicts and mean competitions of the world we inhabit. The prior came frequently to make, in his rough way, kind and cordial enquiries for the health of the

good Saxon, as he called him, by way of distinction as being the *only* good.

For a few days the town was not disturbed by the presence of an enemy, but such was the terror of the Protestant inhabitants of every class, that all who could leave it employed every moment in preparing for their removal. Many, indeed, had resolved to abandon their property rather than place themselves at the mercy of the triumphant papists, as they termed them, and their Prince O'Neil.

O'Neil, though not professedly in arms, was considered as the real head of the Irish, and O'Moore, De Burgo, and others, as no more than his lieutenants. At this period the Protestants of Ireland generally considered O'Neil as the Antichrist, a proposition which the Reverend Doctor Jowler undertook to prove to a demonstration, in his famous discourse upon the then state of affairs in Ireland, and particularly in Armagh. This sermon was afterwards printed, and we have seen a copy which may serve as a model for such species of compositions.

The Reverend Arch-Deacon Jowler supported his case by innumerable quotations from scripture, and succeeded in removing every

shadow of doubt from the minds of his auditory of this awful fact. He showed clearly that no human force of the Irish could have overthrown such an army as had left their walls under the command of Marshal Bagnal. Such a calamity could only be effected by the arch enemy of mankind escaped from the bottomless pit just in time to aid his natural allies, the papists. He proved also that Ireland was to be the scene of the principal events of the revelation, and quoted passages where mention is made of harps and linen robes; the one the national arms of the country, and the other the national dress of the inhabitants. If any difficulty yet rested on the subject, it would be removed by adverting to the ominous name of the northern prince himself. "Hugh," he said, "signified in the Latin language, as some of his auditors knew, an ejaculation of grief and sorrow, and the same might be said of O, as every one knows; then the word Neil, in the ancient Chaldee, as the most learned philologers and expositors admit, signifies a destroyer. And this man," continued the preacher, "is called, by way of eminence, the GREAT O'Neil, and well he deserves the title."

Under highly excited feelings of terror and

alarm, and admiration of the learned and almost inspired preacher, the congregation rose to depart. All were convinced that they were a lost people, upon whom the ends of the world were come. The Reverend Doctor Jowler's discourse had carried conviction to every bosom. Even Sergeant Haughton, Colonel Marvel's orderly man, who was renowned as a biblical scholar, and critical expositor of the law, was fully persuaded of the truth and correctness of Dr. Jowler's appalling argument. As the Sergeant took his way slowly out of church, at the conclusion of the service; stopping and pondering at every step which he took down the gallery stairs, to reconsider the points; his tall, portly figure, and steady and composed air, attracted much attention. The Sergeant was about fifty years of age, of most dignified and perpendicular deportment with a tint of vermillion on each globular cheek, signifying health and good temper. He had been noticed while in church, for he sat in the front of the gallery and directly opposite to the preacher, for his deep attention to the discourse, and his various nods and significant shakes of the head, by which he gave notice of his approval and hearty concurrence in the views of the learned divine;

and his perfect knowledge of the deep theology, connected with the subject.

When the Sergeant had arrived, by this slow process, in the church-yard; and had advanced a few paces from the church door, he halted, and holding himself perfectly erect, with his heels closed as if in the ranks, and his cane fixed firmly, and a little in front of him on the ground, and resting his right hand upon the gold head which ornamented its top, and applying his left to ascertain the smoothness of his chin, he appeared absorbed in the most profound meditation. The congregation as they passed him in groups or singly, stopped to gaze at him. But Sergeant Haughton noticed no one. His lips indeed seemed to move as if he spoke; but it was an inward oration, for he did not utter a word. Some of those who looked and passed, stopped again at some distance, to observe with more decorum the issue of this meditation. At length an old gentlewoman who wore a long black satin cloak, and a formidable ruff of black lace, and who hobbled a little in her gait, though she had the assistance of a crutch, passed the Sergeant in her way from the church door; and perceiving how the case was, and that, of the numbers who observed, none had the courage

to address him, — though he was evidently a man deeply versed in theological matters, and whose opinions in the present awful emergency it would be important to know. Feeling therefore, that it was an occasion proper for her interference; and that she, Mrs. Rachael Pepperjaw, being the grandmother of the mayor of Armagh, might take certain steps with perfect propriety, which in other persons would be by no means becoming, instantly addressed the Sergeant, and requested to be favoured with his opinion respecting the discourse which they had just heard, and which she perceived he had deeply considered and digested.

The ice was no sooner broken by this address, than all those who had been for some time eyeing the Sergeant from different positions in the church-yard, immediately drew near; and the soldier found himself when he lifted up his eyes, the centre of an admiring and expectant circle. No way disconcerted, the Sergeant cast a look round upon his auditory, which consisted chiefly of females of all ages, and a few old men. "It is true, madam," said he, directing his discourse to the lady who first addressed him, — "it is true, that I paid strict attention to Mr. Jowler's discourse, and that I have been much

conversant myself with these subjects since I was a young man. I might venture to say, that there are few men in the army, who have gone deeper in the Revelations." Here he paused.

"No one doubts," said a fresh-coloured young woman, "no one doubts that the Sergeant thoroughly understands the Revelations; but I am sure he is still a young man, as we all see."

The Sergeant looked pleased. "I fear," said he, "I cannot boast of understanding that book so completely, as that beautiful maiden is inclined to give me credit for. It is a deep book, but I have given much time and study to it; and something I hope I do know. Now as to Dr. Jowler's expositions, I confess they struck me as novel in several particulars, but yet having a great foundation of truth and scripture. That this diabolical Irish prince is no other than Antichrist, I am perfectly convinced. I have been at his castle at Dungannon myself, with my master Colonel Marvel; and saw such things. — God defend us! as are not to be spoken of."

"Tell us, tell us, what they were, Sergeant." The Sergeant shook his head. —

"I will tell you one thing, that you have all

heard of, but which I saw. I saw the sister of Marshal Bagnal, as the wife of this O'Neil; an Englishwoman and a Protestant. She ran away from her brother, and shamefully deserted my master, Colonel Marvel, one of the handsomest, and one of the best men in England, and who would have married her, I am persuaded; but she ran away, as I said, and gave herself up to this Irishman. Was not this shocking?"

The crowd did not respond to this appeal; none of the ladies seemed to think there was any thing very shocking in it.

"To be sure if he was really Antichrist, it was very bad," said an old lady dryly.

"Really Antichrist! why Madam, it is known that this man, if I can call him man, does not grow old like other men, but is the same, unimpaired in vigour, and unchanged in appearance, within the recollection of the oldest persons."

Here again the murmur was equivocal, or rather of admiration than affright, and seemed to speak a wish, in some of the auditors, that "Heaven had made them such a man."

The sergeant did not understand it; he felt a little awkward, but he went on: "I saw him

myself, at the affair of Tarsa, kill a dozen of our stoutest men, and sweep them out of his way as if they were little children. Then such splendour as he is surrounded with, such guards, such servants, such gold and silver — where does he get them? Then the defeat of our fine army! How could it be done if the devil was not on his side?"

The sergeant's congregation did not seem so deeply impressed as he thought they ought to be. Summing up therefore, in a few words, the substance of the matter, he took his leave, and was suffered to depart quietly, with only a few laudatory ejaculations from the fresh-coloured young woman. In return, the sergeant stopped for an instant, and intreated that all who valued soul or body would quit the town without delay. "This place," said he, "was always the chief seat of popery in Ireland; and O'Neil will not fail to re-establish the worship of the beast."

When the sergeant was gone, the ladies drew together into a closer body; and Mrs. Pepperjaw, taking his place as orator of the circle, said a few complimentary words upon his profound knowledge of the Revelations. The sergeant was pronounced with general assent to be a very proper man, and a miracle of a

theologian. But as for quitting the town of Armagh, that was impossible for most of them. They had no home or habitation elsewhere, or means of removing their effects. Some of them were old, and had lived from their youth in that place, and there they would die. Devil, papist, Irishman, and antichrist as O'Neil was, perhaps he would spare a few poor women who had not long to live.

They were consoled and encouraged in this resolution by an old woman of the group, who stated that she had cooked for O'Neil on a former occasion, when he was in the town of Armagh, and she prostested he was a very civil gentleman, and had paid her well, and never said a cross word to her though he knew she was a Protestant. The reverend Mr. Jowler, to be sure, knows the signs of antichrist better than I do," continued Mrs. Cricket; "but I should never have taken him to be such a body as Lord Tyrone; and as to the English lady running away with him, I don't think it at all extraordinary, though, no doubt, Sergeant Haughton may think so, who they say does not know as much of women as Prince O'Neil, though he may understand scripture better."

These observations made the ladies smile; and even Mrs. Pepperjaw admitted that the case might not, after all, be so bad as was apprehended; and they separated somewhat tranquillized.

CHAPTER XII.

When Sergeant Haughton reached the convent, he found that orders had been received from O'Moore to remove the Colonel, if it could be done without danger to his health: and that Colonel Marvel had determined to obey the order. His wounds had been unattended with fever, and he was already considerably restored, though unable to travel except in a litter, which the Irish general had provided for him. In a private note to Marvel, O'Moore apologised for this haste, stating that it was unavoidable, as, though he would take possession of the town in a few days, he could not answer for retaining it, and Colonel Marvel was too great a support to the English interest to admit any risk of his again employing the weight of his character and talents against the cause of Ireland.

There was no idea of defending the town of Armagh, for a great part of the garrison,

which had been very small, had joined Bagnal's corps in its conflict with O'Moore, and had shared the fate of that body. When it was known in the town that Colonel Marvel was about to quit it as a prisoner, a number of the inhabitants, who had hitherto been undecided, took their final resolution of abandoning the place. But it is necessary to state, that there were some, who, having learned that Mrs. Cricket had a personal knowledge of the Prince O'Neil, and having inquired from this lady concerning his habits and peculiarities, began at length to doubt the accuracy of Doctor Jowler's exposition of the Revelations, and finally decided upon risking their fate at Armagh.

The town had however been already deserted by a considerable portion of its inhabitants; and the number who exiled themselves with Colonel Marvel thinned it still more. The Colonel was attended by a few of O'Moore's soldiers, by the prior of Innisdune, M'Dermot and his sister, Sergeant Haughton, Mortough M'Tierney, and several other voluntary companions, who were about to travel in the same direction. M'Tierney had been extremely active, as a marauder, upon the field of battle,

and had been, though not a labourer, yet a very profitable gleaner in that field. His object was now to convey his booty without hazard to a place of safety. A number of the town's people did not hesitate to take advantage of this Irish escort, as far as it went with them on their road, conceiving that, as Protestants of Armagh, they were safe should they meet with British troops, while the convoy of an Irish detachment secured them from an Irish enemy.

The destination of Colonel Marvel was the convent of Glenfinin, situated considerably to the south of Armagh, in a mountainous district. O'Moore had chosen this pleasant retreat, as well from motives of kindness towards Colonel Marvel, as for the better safe keeping of his prisoner. It was a convent of nuns, and the prioress was his near friend and relative. He knew that the colonel would be well taken care of, and pleasantly lodged, while he would be entirely removed from the range of military operations in the deep seclusion of Glenfinin.

The scene at the gate of Armagh, as Colonel Marvel's procession left it, was very moving. Friends that had lived in close neighbourhood from their infancy, were now parting, perhaps for ever. Children were taking leave of their

parents, too old to move, or too firmly fixed in local attachments, to be torn, by any occurrence, from ancient haunts and habitudes. Many fond families were now rent in twain, by the necessity that some should remain for the preservation of property, and that others should be placed in a state of safety. Some of these never met after.

As the procession moved away from the wall, a few of the friends of the exiles returned to the town; some others accompanied them for a great distance, and some sat upon the ramparts and wept, looking wistfully in the direction which the convoy had taken till the sun went down upon their tears and regrets.

The party travelled slowly, as they had it in command to take the utmost care of Colonel Marvel, whose wounds did not admit of rapid motion. Their line of march was also as irregular as possible, for the Irish detachment dreaded no surprise. It was about close of evening on the second day of their departure, when they were making their way with some difficulty along a rough, winding road, having an oak wood on one side, and on the other an extensive bog. The bog was traversed about its centre by a tolerably good *boureen*, which

seemed to be used as a way for carrying the turf used for fuel. Upon this narrow road a troop of cavalry was discerned advancing at some speed. The party halted to consult. What could they be? Mortough laid down his huge pack with symptoms of no small apprehension, and applying his eye and ear to the ground, and stretching his whole length along its surface, creeping onwards for a little way like a worm, he started finally upon his feet, declaring that they were Rory O'Reilly's horse, and that every one should shift for himself.

O'Reilly had been for a considerable time a firm partizan of the English power, and particularly attached at this time to Marshal Bagnal, and Mortough declared, that he believed the marshal was present with the troop. The party hesitated for a while, incredulous of Mortough's information. But the pilgrim, nothing doubting of the accuracy of his own vision, flung his pack upon his shoulder again, looked to the wood with a keen glance, then to the bog; and finally determining upon the latter, he sprang over the deep cut which divided it from the road, and pursued his way over the

treacherous surface with a rapidity that was surprising.

Prior M'Egan had been observing the movements of the pilgrim with great attention, and had determined to follow his lead, be it what it might; so much confidence did he place in his sagacity and address in time of danger. But he had undertaken a task to which he was hardly equal. He succeeded, indeed, in leaping the wide trench at the road side, though with great effort and hazard; but the pilgrim's way was intersected with deep holes, and various inequalities of surface, some hard, and some soft to the foot, which required great strength and activity to pass. The prior soon flagged, then renewed his efforts, and again paused in despair, looking with an anxious and woeful countenance after the vigorous and indefatigable pilgrim, who was still pursuing his way with unabated speed. The disconsolate prior now sat down upon a small bank of turf, as if to consider what was to be done. The pilgrim was out of sight, but O'Reilly's horse were rapidly approaching the road under the wood; he started up again, and continued his flight, but a large bog-hole presenting itself, he was compelled to adventure a leap of no ordinary

magnitude, and leaped, not over, but into the the hole.

It was a hole full to the brim of the black water of the bog, and the bottom was the soft mud of the liquid bog stuff. Fortunately, the hole was not so deep as not to permit the prior's chin to be elevated above the feculent water. But his condition was not a little deplorable, as every attempt which he made to escape from this unenviable niche only sank him deeper. The slimy sides of the hole gave way under the prior's bulk every time he attempted to scale its height, and every effort only served to sink him deeper in the mud at the bottom. At length he was obliged to desist, lest any more attempts should bring the water over his head. He had already much difficulty in lifting his under lip above its level, and succeeded only by keeping the head thrown back in a dignified and commanding attitude, to which the humility of the prior was by no means reconciled.

The prior, in fact, was compelled into a star-gazing elevation of the countenance, which would have been particularly painful to him upon any occasion, but in the present case was attended with accompaniments which added

greatly to its inconvenience. Among other disasters he had lost his hat and his wig, and the rain was descending upon his venerable bald head in torrents. But this was not all; from the advantage of his sunken position, his eye being level with the earth, he could perceive that the dragoons had reached the skirts of the wood, and had halted. Would they think of exploring the bog? for he could not doubt that they had seen their party, and would make some search after them. The morass, indeed, was inaccessible to cavalry, but he knew that Irish cavalry might dismount, and would not fail to be very expert in traversing a bog; and how could he escape with his face thrown up against the sky as it was? It is true, he might dip his head under water, but he could not keep it there long, and the agitation of the fluid might betray him; and then he entertained himself with the pleasant idea of being shot at like a water fowl by some of his facetious countrymen, who would, no doubt, be greatly amused as he popped his head up and down, sometimes to get air, sometimes to avoid a shot.

While he thought of these matters with no very placid feelings, what he apprehended actually came to pass. Some of the cavalry dis-

mounted, and had leaped off the road upon the bog, while a few others were returning slowly upon the bog-road they had come by. He now considered himself a lost man; when, in the depth of his despair, Mortough M'Tierney stood before him. He was without his pack, and somewhat metamorphosed in other respects, having exchanged the whole and comfortable clothing which he wore in the morning, for the most miserable collection of ragged garments that could be imagined; and though it was raining heavily, he was without any covering on his head, or shoes on his feet.

Mortough nodded significantly to the prior without speaking; and in reply to his pathetic adjurations that he would help him out of the pit, he only nodded again. The prior was in a rage; but he knew whom he had to deal with, and sought to move him by the gentlest persuasives, and the kindest expostulations. Mortough sat down by the brink of the well, and listened attentively, but without speaking. At length the prior's patience and policy were exhausted, and he assailed the obdurate knave with invectives and abuse, and threats of punishment here and hereafter.

Mortough smiled with the utmost composure,

but his philosophy was not disturbed. He was, in fact, in the highest state of quiet and luxurious enjoyment. His feelings were those of the cat, when she sits purring with delight, and contemplating the mouse within her power as he runs his little round of agony, and struggles in vain for escape. The prior saw that this was the case; and at length ceased his upbraidings and supplications. When Mortough saw that he had resigned himself in despair, he opened his mouth.

"How now, prior; what makes you so dissatisfied with the place of retreat you have chosen? By the mass, I think it a good place, and an excellent choice. Who would expect to find the prior of Innisdune in a bog-hole? And you know that if these hell-scrapers of Rory O'Reilly's should find you out, it were better you had fallen into the hands of the heretics. O'Reilly's wolf-dogs have no mercy on man, woman, or child, pilgrim, or prior."

The prior was silent; anger and indignation refused him utterance.

Mortough continued in a tone of feigned respect and concern; "your reverence has only to dip your sacred head for an instant as they pass

by; for I see they are coming this way, and are not far off."

"How, you scoundrel!" said the prior, "how could I keep my head under the puddle; God, and Saint Columbkill, and Saint Bridget, will scourge you for this villany as you deserve."

"God has not much to do with either of us, I fear," said Mortough; "and as for the other gentleman and lady, they will hardly interfere between you and I in our harmless little pranks."

The prior was choking with rage at this insolence; but he saw that the mounted dragoons, who had returned upon the bog-road, had found a firm way branching from it, and were rapidly approaching the place of his captivity. He made, therefore, a last pathetic appeal to the humanity of his tormentor, entreating, as he concluded, that if he was still determined not to assist him, he would be gone, and leave him to his fate, as his presence there might bring the soldiers to the very spot."

"I cannot stir from this," said Mortough, "but I will conceal that unlucky head of your's that sticks out of the water, like a lily ready to be bit off by the first cormorant that flies by." Saying this, Mortough departed, and after a little delay, returned with his arm full of sods,

grass, heath, and green flags; and having got the prior into a position as near as possible to the bank, he commenced the operation of thatching his head. He first laid on some strong rushes, supported at one end by the bank, and at the other by the prior's head and shoulders, in the manner of rafters; upon these he laid a large supply of flags or irises, and over these again a light covering of heath and grass; the flags and the long grass projected over the face of the prior, and making a circle outside his nose, touched with their extreme ends the surface of the water, and concealed his reverend head completely. The whole was secured by some heavy sods laid upon the bank.

This was no sooner accomplished, than the horsemen arrived, and interrogated Mortough sharply, what his business was there? and whether he had seen any persons lately cross the bog? Mortough said that he had been looking for a few splinters of bog-wood for firing and light for his cottage; and that he had seen but one person that morning cross the bog, and he could not now see him above ground, though he was sure he could not have gone far, as he was rather a heavy, awkward, sort of body, and no great leaper.

"'Tis the very man," said the interrogator, speaking to one of his party; this fellow, if we cannot catch him, will keep us in hot water; he is one of O'Neil's most active agents."

"Did he look like a priest, fellow?" said Marshal Bagnal (for it was he).

"Very like, your honour; as to his belly, which was a big one, and his black coat; but he had a pair of pistols."

"'Tis the very man, half priest, half general-officer; and what way did he take?"

"I kept my eye on him for a short time; and afterwards I could not see him above ground."

"Do you know the bog well?"

"Very well."

"Then if you find out this man, and bring him to me before morning at the village of Knuckrawley, I will make a man of you."

"I am a man, your honour, though a very poor one, already, though I thank your worship for your intention."

"You thick-headed rascal, I will give you money."

"How much your worship?"

"Aye, not so thick-headed either: ten

crowns, you shall have ten crowns. Did you ever see so much money?"

"May be I did; but to betray a priest."

"To betray — then you know where he is?"

"I did not say that, but if I had my eye upon him now I would not betray him for ten crowns."

"You shall have twenty."

"Make it thirty, your honour."

"You covetous rascal, you shall have them, now where is he?"

"Make it forty, your honour."

"Was it ever possible to satisfy an Irishman? base knave."

"Why, your honour, we like to get back a little of our own, any way."

"What do you mean, fellow?"

"Mean — nothing — nothing at all."

"Lead on, and you shall have the money."

"That's the most sensible word you have said yet," said Mortough.

Mortough was now silent for a moment while his eye was steadily fixed upon the prior's, which glared upon him through an opening in the green flags.

"What do you intend to do with the priest, your honour, when you get him?"

"Oh, no harm."

"And you give me forty crowns for finding him, that you might do him no harm?"

"What is it to you? you will get your money."

"But what security have I that you will give me the money when I get the priest?"

"You have my word of honour; I am Marshal Bagnal."

"I don't know what that is; honour or Marshal Bagnal. If you are a Saxon I cannot trust you."

"Suspicious knave! I will pay you half the money now, and the other half when you show me the priest."

"Pay me the whole now, and I will show him to you this minute."

"Agreed, for you shall not escape."

The money was paid by Bagnal's orderly man, and Mortough was ordered to produce the priest. But he first put the money deliberately into his pouch, and having secured it there, "Now don't be in a hurry, gentlemen," said he, "for a priest is not to be bought and sold in that manner every day — follow me; and striking off from the bog-hole, he led the horsemen, for a short distance, upon a smooth and

firm path. By degrees, however, it became difficult and intricate; still Mortough urged them on. Bagnal had ordered two of his party to keep a sharp watch upon their guide, and to shoot him the moment he showed any disposition to baffle them. These kept as close to him as possible. But the great strength and activity of the man, and his knowledge of the bog, would have made it very difficult for them, if he had not waited constantly when in the ardour of his progress he had passed a little beyond. The men now began to clamour at the length of the way and the difficulty of the road, if road it could be called. Murtough soothed and encouraged them, and assured them that a few paces more would bring them out of the present bad spot, and give them a hard road for the rest of the way.

They proceeded until men and horses stuck fast in the mire, and all efforts to disengage themselves only sank them deeper. Marshal Bagnal dismounted, and plunged up to his middle in the soft peat. The Dragoons now alighted to assist their general. "Shoot the fellow," said the enraged Marshal, "he has betrayed us."

The two soldiers, to whom Mortough was

given in charge, looked about in order to confer this favour upon him. But he was gone. They called, whistled, shouted, but in vain; the simple Mortough was no where to be seen. This was the most vexatious thing of all. They were in a swamp from which it would be hardly possible to extricate themselves without a guide, and night was now coming on, which would make it doubly difficult. If the man that had led them here was a traitor, they might be surrounded in the night, and cut off.

While they were debating these points, and struggling in the bog-water, Mortough was making his way, rapidly, along the bottom of a deep but narrow trench, which was cut down to the stony base of the bog, and which presented no other inconvenience than a shallow stream of water. He could not be seen as the turf rose considerably above his head. He had gained this trench, which ran close to the awkward position of the Marshal and his dragoons, at a moment when the plunging of the general's horse turned the attention of the whole party to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mortough soon reached the hole in which the prior still held his liquid position. He called to him in a low voice. There was no answer. He called again, but the prior was silent. Yet he saw him distinctly, though it was now dusk, with his head elevated and thatched as he had left him. He crept round to the side of the hole nearest to him, and removing the vegetable mitre which he wore, found that the unlucky churchman was rapidly passing into a state of insensibility. He immediately applied his leathern bottle of usquebaugh to his lips. The prior sucked in the invigorating spirit, at first feebly; then with more strength, and finally, he seized the flask and exhausted its contents. He was now completely alive. "I thought you had left me to die here, Mortough," said he.

"Well, you see, your Reverence, I am not as bad as you take me to be. But we must be quick, we are not safe yet."

"I cannot move," said the prior, dolefully; "my limbs are stiff; save *yourself*, man." Mortough now got two flat stones, so as to make a firm rest for his feet, then seized the prior by the shoulders, and swung him out of the hole. "Well done, Mortough," said he to himself, as he performed this feat; "it was ten to one we did not both go in head foremost."

With another swing Mortough placed his burden upon his shoulders; and exerting great strength and skill, made his way through the difficult passes of the bog, until he gained the firm path that led to the main road skirting the wood. It was now dark, and crossing the road unperceived, at a distance from where the main-body of the dragoons were still stationed, he gained a narrow path within the wood, running parallel with the road, and but a short distance from it. After traversing this pathway for about half a mile, without abating his speed, Mortough arrived at an open space. It was a section of the bog, which, extending on this side the road, occupied the whole of the flat ground, and seemed to repel the population of trees, and to confine them rigorously to the elevated region of the hill side. The moon now drew her curtain of clouds from before her face,

and looked coldly upon the desolate extent of bog before her. Mortough laid down his burden upon a bank, as if to reconnoitre. Like most bogs, this also was exposed to sharp, cold gusts of wind. The prior was perishing with cold and wet; and the prospect before him was very dismal. He took but a momentary glance, and closed his eyes again in despair.

But the keen vision of Mortough was not long in discerning his way. There was a faint glimmering of light on what appeared to be the extreme verge of the bog. Mortough having observed this for a moment, again placed the reverend churchman upon his shoulders, and darted into the bog. After a painful march along the broken causeway that traversed this waste, he arrived at the hovel from which the light issued. There was no window; but the light was streaming from the slits of the door, which was composed of no very solid material. After a few rappings on the outside, and some whispering inside the door, it was opened, and a flood of brilliant light was poured upon the weary pilgrim and his exhausted companion. There were several immense logs of bog-timber burning on the hearth. The in-

habitants were an elderly man, and a more elderly woman. "It is only Mortough," said the old woman, as she opened the door, "and some poor thing with him."

"What prank have you been upon to-night, Mortough? And what makes you on the bog at this hour, with that poor half-dead body?"

"Mother," said Mortough, "don't ask any questions, but get us something to eat and drink, for we are both half-dead with hunger. This is a good fire, Maurice; always plenty of fir in the bog. Draw the settle, man, and let us make a seat for the priest; when he opens his eyes he will give you his blessing, and that will keep the poukies from you for a twelve-month."

"Alack!" said the old woman, "they don't let us have any thing, these poukies; they killed our six goats and two lambs this season; and now we have not a drop of milk to offer you."

"Well; you have the usquebaugh; and let us have it quick; and the barley-cakes, and the eggs, and a bit of kid: I know what you have, Kate."

"Poor Kate hasn't much now, Mortough, since she lost the poor little boy that used to provide her with every thing."

"Aye aye, so he used, Kate, and a good warrant he had; though the poor little boy was taller than I am, and something older too. Few men would like to meet your poor little boy on the heath at night, Kate."

"God be good to us! Mortough, how you talk! he was a loss to his old mother any how. There is Maurice there that never brings in any thing, except it be a log to keep us warm; and sits opposite me in the chimney corner for the whole night, without saying a word. He is a silent man, God help him! awfully silent."

Maurice was, indeed, a silent man; for he never uttered a word since his guests entered; he had, however, shoved the settle to the fireside, and assisted in placing the prior upon it; and since then he had kept his eyes steadily upon his reverend countenance. On his name being mentioned, he directed his eyes slowly towards his mother, then to Mortough, and finally settled them once again on the pale face of the prior.

Meantime, the mother had been busy in preparing the repast, which was exactly as Mortough had anticipated; nor was it uncomfortable. The usquebaugh was good; the barley-cakes

were delicious; and the kid was tender and savoury. The heat of the fire soon restored Mac Egan's suspended animation; and the good things of Maurice Dooley's board gave him back his cheerfulness and vigour. He drank copiously of the usquebaugh, and ate voraciously of the kid and barley cakes.

"Well, Mortough," said the renovated divine, "you are a great villain, but I must forgive you; for, if you have done me much wrong, you have also made some effort to repair it."

"I did you no wrong, Prior," said Mortough: "I only quitted an old score with you, and now we are even, or rather the balance is on my side; for, after settling the account, I did you some good service."

"And what score was there between us, reprobate," said the prior, in a half good-humoured tone.

"You have said hard things of me, Prior; and I know that you put up Father Mac Shene to drive me from Lough Darig, and send me begging on the wide world."

"*You* begging! who know how to levy contributions on friend and foe, priest and layman."

"Aye, aye; you don't deny my charge, Prior.

What right had you to interfere with my little miracles, and my small profits?"

"Was it not my duty to warn the people against your roguish tricks and impositions?"

"And is it you, Prior, that say this to me? Do you think I know nothing of the tricks and holy knavery practised at Innisdune by that poor dupe, Mac Miracle?"

"Well, well, said the prior, I forgive you; now that we have finished our supper, let us determine what we are to do next."

"The next thing is to go to sleep; Kate will make you a bed of fresh heath in the warm corner near the fire, and will give you clean dry night-clothes and bed-clothes; and the sooner you get off those you have on, the better."

"Will you have the right-hand or the left-hand corner?" said Maurice.

As this was the first word he had spoken, the prior stared, and answered, "My good friend, it is all alike to me."

"Then it isn't all alike to me," said Maurice, with a look full of mystery.

"Why so?"

"Why so? And you prior of Innisdune!"

"Lord help the poor boy!" said the old woman, "it is about the poukies he is thinking.

Don't be speaking of them, Maurice, it is dangerous."

"Mother, it is true; they torment the life out of me; but I will speak of them, if I like."

"And it is seldom you speaks of any thing, Maurice; so I won't gainsay you."

"Then, I say, the left corner is the best; and if you turn your vest inside out, they can't harm you."

"And what shall we do in the morning, Mortough?"

"Hist!" said Mortough, "there's noise without."

Maurice listened, and having ascertained the fact, instantly smothered the fire with wet sods of peat. The noise was that of horses; and it was speedily ascertained that they were O'Reilly's cavalry, which were passing the road at the other side of the bog. They were too distant to cause any alarm; but it was necessary to conceal the light cautiously.

"Maurice," said Mortough, "take a light under your cloak, and when you get to the west side of the bog, where it is most difficult and dangerous, show it to the renegades; perhaps they will get into the bog. I am too much fatigued myself for the trick."

"Some of O'Reilly's boys," said Maurice, "know the bog of Sheeshe as well as you or I do, Mortough; it is dangerous meddling with them. We will let them pass in the devil's name; and let their master spread a trap for them; they will not escape it."

"I believe you are right, Maurice," replied Mortough.

After this the parties retired to rest, except the old woman, who remained for the night sitting at the fire side, *keening* her boy, as she called her younger son, and reciting, in a low and melancholy measure, all his admirable qualities. If the prior or the pilgrim needed a lullaby, this low *cronane* would have answered the purpose; but they were both already asleep.

Maurice sat silent as death, apparently listening to his mother's melancholy chant, but really occupied in watching the diminishing blaze of the fire. From the colour and the direction of the flame, he derived some indications of the movements of his enemies and tormentors, the fairies. Maurice slept only in the day; for the night was occupied with depredations upon the surrounding country, or in contests with his invisible persecutors.

In the morning the prior and the pilgrim

took leave of their hostess and host, and having refreshed themselves with more cakes and usquebaugh, set out in quest of their companions. Mortough judged rightly of the course they took, and soon joined them.

When O'Reilly's cavalry had first come in sight, and the prior and his companion had sought refuge in the bog, the remainder of the party turned to the right and took shelter in the thick woods that extended along the face of the long line of hills which ran to the south and west. Fortunately for them, the flight of the pilgrim and the prior across the bog was observed by the horsemen, and Maurice Dooly the goat herd and depredator of Sheeshe bog, undertook, for a piece of silver, to tell the horsemen who they were. Maurice had been lurking about observing the motions of both parties, and he readily sold the information he had acquired, but he mentioned the name of the prior only, being in some awe of the pilgrim, whose prowess and sagacity he knew of old. But it was enough to turn Bagnal's entire attention to the capture of his old antagonist; whose ability in war he despised, but whose talents for intrigue he considered very formidable.

The wood was therefore not searched, and

night coming on, the party who had sought its shelter soon found themselves in perfect security. They had advanced a considerable way into the forest, and had encamped for the night under the spreading branches of some large trees. Here the prior found them in the morning. None of the party had suffered any inconvenience by the disturbance that had occurred, except M'Dermot. Upon him it had brought on an access of mental anguish which alarmed every one. From the moment he beheld Rory O'Reilly's flag, his countenance and deportment became changed, and indicated extreme agitation and suffering, which continued unabated after they had gained a place of safety in the forest. He no longer spoke upon indifferent subjects, or answered coherently any questions which were asked him. But he talked inwardly in a broken and passionate strain, as if he held conversation with shadows, or the ghosts of departed friends. His eye glared vacantly upon surrounding objects, as if it comprehended them not; and appeared to dwell intensely upon objects that were invisible to to those around.

"Who, has done this?" said the prior, as he saw with a glance the condition of his friend.

"Who has brought these terrible images back to his mind."

"Yes, it is here, only here, that they are, M'Egan," said the suffering man, putting his finger to his forehead. "Did you see Dermid and Finin, with their heads cleft in twain. It was O'Reilly that betrayed and slaughtered them; — my poor brothers, how beautiful they were! — they were like the red deer when he is young, and stands like a monarch upon the green hill in the woods, throwing his broad antlers to the breeze. The hunter came in the guise of a friend and protector, and slew them."

"Rouse yourself, M'Dermot," said the prior, "and don't give way to this. The cruel Saxon, and our own more cruel countrymen, have done us both much mischief. Let us live for vengeance."

"Did you see Evaleen," said M'Dermot, "with her glossy black hair, and that sweet smile upon her mouth? — it was like the warm sun beam, M'Egan; — but it does not warm me now as it used to do, I think; my heart is cold, Prior, very cold, — what is the matter with me?"

"You are not well, my dear M'Dermot, but you will be well presently."

"She smiled so sweetly upon me and called

me her own M'Dermot: and yet my heart was cold to her, to my own love. What could be the matter with me I wonder? Don't cry Maud," said he to his sister, who sat next to him on the grass weeping; — "she will come again; she told me so."

"My Evaleen is like the moon beam, cold and beautiful; — she is dead, she is dead, and poor M'Dermot cannot die; that stream keeps me from my love. Why cannot I pass it? I will pass it; I will not be kept from my Evaleen. Is she not mine? did I not love her when she was a child, an infant thing, when she sang to me and played for me? — but she is dead. Evaleen is dead; — hist! how she plays!

Oh! touch not now that trembling string,
Once full of hope and joy;
When thou wert but an infant thing,
And I a full grown boy:
That hope is fled that joy's no more.——

M'Dermot had been a poet in his youth, and his disordered fancy always clothed itself in poetical forms, such as the taste of his age and country had made familiar to his mind.

His delirium continued for a length of time, sometimes rising into fits of alarming passion, sometimes subsiding into gentle and touching

complainings. The whole party hung over him with the deepest interest, for he had won the hearts of the rudest of his companions. His sister sat near him weeping; and when he sang the broken stanza in his native tongue, he did it with a sweetness and expression that melted the whole group into tears.

In the contest which the M'Dermots had waged for several years with various English lords, they had been so far successful as to preserve a portion of their original possessions until their last disastrous contest, and the fatal termination of this was partly owing to the defection of O'Reilly, the ancient ally of the M'Dermots. O'Reilly had been since the firm friend of the government of the Pale, or rather of the Adventurers' interest in Ireland; an interest which afterwards assumed the name of the "*ascendency*" interest; and is still well known under this denomination, in the politics of that country.

The sudden appearance of O'Reilly's horse had given a most violent shock to the badly strung nerves of Father M'Dermot. His mental system was thrown into complete disorder; his ideas of the past and the present became mingled and confused; the realities before him lost their power of impressing his disorganised

intellect; and the visions of the fancy assumed all the force and effect of present existences. He was insane, but it was not an insanity void of intelligence, and still less of feeling. Pope says, that high intelligences, or, in the language of his day, "great wits," are prone to madness. Minds of considerable powers are like finely-strung instruments, which "discourse exquisite music," but are easily put out of order; and then, though they retain all their compass of melody, though some of their chords be still true, it is a melody without combination or design, and in its most powerful and thrilling efforts giving only the painful sense of a waste of music.

M'Dermot, though his mind was in disorder, was gentle and manageable as ever. The prior, therefore, took the care of him upon himself, and gave directions that the cavalcade should move on without delay.

Colonel Marvel's litter was soon adjusted, and the soldiers, clearing the way, the party proceeded through the wood, for their road now lay in this direction. Glenfinin was but a few hours' journey distant, but the approach was up the steep ascent of the hills, by a narrow path, winding in various directions through the

forest, as the trees and the nature of the ground permitted. After a short journey they began to ascend the heights of "Slieve-na-pouca," or "The Hill of the Fairies," for Maurice Dooly was not the only inhabitant of this district that lived in terror of these formidable little imps of the moon-light. Slieve-na-pouca was rather a collection of hills, and was traversed by an irregular *cussaun*, or path-way, which led the travellers through the luxuriant woods of Kildee, now ascending and now descending, as the surface presented a continuity of gentle undulations. It was, however, upon the whole, a constant ascent.

CHAPTER XIV.

At length, towards evening, they stood upon the summit of the peak of Lisbealid, crowned with its magnificent oaks, at whose feet the bluebell spread its beautiful carpet, while the richest verdure clothed the hill side. The Colonel ordered his litter to be laid down, and the whole party halted to admire the view. The western side of the hill was an easy slope, which was traversed by many a pleasant little path. The wood on this side opened into a number of green glades or meadows, where single trees, or scattered clumps only, were to be seen. All was natural, and yet the most tasteful artificer of pleasure grounds could not have arranged the light, and the shade, the openings and the groupings of the trees with more skill and judgment. Beneath them, stretched a considerable valley, and beyond this, the hills rose again, preserving the same character, but rather more thickly wooded, and

differing perhaps only in a more bountiful supply of streams of water which were seen forcing their way through the tangled thickets, or rushing rapidly along the smooth declivities of the meadow ground to reach their destination in the valley.

Between these ranges of hills lay the rich vale we have mentioned, watered by a large rivulet, or small river, which was seen at a considerable distance to the north, winding its way down a gentle declivity, and in two or three places forming small falls, the spray of which was glistening in the sun-beam. The stream then took its way in many a wide curve through the valley, sometimes hidden by the trees which fringed its banks, and again pouring its shining waters through the rich grass of the meadow, with no other adornment than the simple bouquet of white lilies which lay upon its bosom. The convent of Glenfinin was situate at the southern extremity of the valley, where the hills rose more abruptly, as if to afford it more shelter, and presented to the winds some abrupt and broken pinnacles of naked rock, which, by affording a contrast to the general richness of the scene, added to its beauty.

The convent was a small, low building, ir-

regularly constructed, with a number of diminutive pinnacles and spires, the whole having an appearance of great antiquity and careful preservation. It was a mixture of Saxon and Gothic architecture, and stood upon an extensive piece of flat ground, where the valley had its greatest breadth. The hills receded from this spot, as if to accommodate the residents of the holy retirement with space for contemplation and convenience. In front of the convent, and at some distance, the "Arigadeen" (or little silver stream) took its course: over the river was thrown a pretty rustic bridge, the palisading on both sides of which was interwoven with the vine and honeysuckle, having their roots in the banks, and stretching to mingle their blossoms over the water. To the south, the Arigadeen seemed to perforate an immense mass of solid rock, which formed at this spot the natural boundary and rampart of the valley.

Under the brow of this rock stood a low thatched cottage, whose large revolving wheel showed it to be the mill of the convent. The beautiful stream performing this its last act of kindness to the peaceful inhabitants of this happy seclusion, before it leaped from its quiet

border, and mingled in the uproar of the world.

Between the mill and the convent, and close to the latter, stood the convent church, a small Gothic building, having a light and elegant little spire, surmounted by a cross, concerning which there were many curious traditions in the valley. This church was also the parish church of the district, and it communicated with the convent on the one side by a neat walk, which crossed the garden, and was bordered with shrubs and flowers; on the other side, a path-way extended to the bridge, and another branched off to the mill.

The rich grounds of the valley were well stocked with sheep and black cattle, which were now reposing in the evening sun; a few cows stood in the stream where it was shallowest, enjoying the freshness of the water. There were a few cottages scattered around on the sides of the hills, but so concealed amongst the trees, that they could only be discerned by the blue smoke of the turf ascending slowly in the serene air of the evening. The peasants were cooking their evening meal.

The sun now rested upon the summit of the western range of hills, and spread over them a

canopy of gold and crimson, which filled the valley with its reflected glories. The whole party had hitherto gazed in profound silence upon the scene before them. The cultivated and the uncultivated mind felt the strong impression of nature's loveliness, and the powerful charm of that peace and repose which dwelt upon the scene before them. M'Egan disturbed the general musing, by proposing to descend the hill, "as, notwithstanding the beauty of the prospect, he began to feel the want of more substantial enjoyments." "Why can it not be always thus?" said M'Dermot, whose heart was soothed by the view of so much happiness, "why can it not be always thus? and why does violence and falsehood mar this beautiful world?"

M'Egan, hungry as he was, felt rejoiced that this train of thought had caught M'Dermot's mind, and would not now disturb him, even by a reply.

As they descended, the bell of the convent tolled for evening prayers, and they saw a few well-dressed peasants appearing occasionally from under the shade of the trees, and going in the direction of the church. These, as they came in view of the strangers, appeared greatly

alarmed, and retreated suddenly into the woods. "It is Haughton's Saxon uniform that frightens them," said one of the soldiers, "though they have never seen a Saxon in the valley, they have heard something about them."

"They take me to be the devil," said the sergeant, "I suppose, or something as bad; and I don't blame them, poor ignorant creatures, sunk as they are in the darkness of popery: I beg your reverence's pardon," (turning to Prior M'Egan.)

"I will pardon you, sergeant, on condition that you don't talk of popery while you are in this valley, as it may not be very safe to hold such discourses here, either for yourself or your master." The sergeant promised that he would be as discreet as possible for his master's sake; as to what the papists could do to himself, he declared that he defied the pope and the devil. And as they were now to live together for some time, he hoped, he said, to have frequent opportunities of explaining the Holy Scriptures to his reverence, of which he was afraid his reverence did not know much, seeing he was taken up so much with worldly matters, and tossed about, as one may say, in so many wicked rebellions and commotions."

The prior thanked the sergeant for his kind intentions towards him. "But I fear greatly," said he, "that my stay at the convent will not be long enough to enable me to profit by them, or to digest, as I ought to do, your learned commentaries upon the holy writings. But you need not want a subject, sergeant, to exercise your theological skill upon, while you have Father M'Miracle, who is so firmly rooted in popery as to afford full exercise to all your zeal."

The sergeant replied, "that he certainly had intended to direct his chief attention to the prior himself; who appeared to him to be the more worldly-minded man of the two. But as the case stands," said he, "I think I must follow your reverence's advice, and turn my thoughts to this poor lost man."

"He is a man of inexhaustible patience, sergeant, and that is a great point in your favour."

"No doubt of it. And when I have brought him into the right path, perhaps the *good* priest" (meaning M'Dermot,) "may, with God's blessing, be so far restored to his mind, as to listen to the word of truth."

This was said in a low tone of voice, so as

not to be heard by M'Dermot, nor yet to reach the ears of Colonel Marvel, who felt very sensitive when any free observations were made upon M'Dermot's infirmity. While this short discourse passed between the prior and the sergeant, the party had arrived at the bridge, and they could perceive that their approach had been made known at the convent, and had occasioned much bustle there. The little door which opened from the shrubbery at the north angle of the convent, had been opened and shut frequently in the course of a minute, and a variety of heads of various shapes and ages had been protruded, in that time, to take cognizance of the strangers. The prior, therefore, lest any accident might occur, in consequence of Sergeant Haughton's red jacket, determined to go before, and prepare his old friend the prioress for their reception.

The convent of Saint Bridget of Glenfinin, was one of the most ancient in Ireland, and had long held dominion over the valley of that name and the surrounding mountains for a considerable extent. By great good fortune it had escaped the rude visitations of war, and had enjoyed the most profound repose in the midst of all the disturbances and commotions which had so

long distracted the country. It had escaped the grasp of confiscation. The keen eye of avarice which had discovered many a remote and solitary nook, had wholly overlooked the beauteous vale of Glenfinin and its well-endowed convent. This was partly owing to the security it derived from its rampart of mountains, partly to its being far removed from the current of the contest then waged in Ireland. However it was, the convent was left untouched, as if unknown or forgotten to exist, enjoying full possession of its manorial rights over its lands as derived from ancient grants of Cormac M'Finin Duff, the first Christian prince of his family, and whose lovely daughter, Lyndara, was the first abbess or prioress of the convent.

A full length picture of this pious and beautiful princess, hung in the hall of the convent. The tenth of September was the anniversary of her birth day, when high mass was performed every year in commemoration of the saint; upon which day multitudes were cured of various diseases, by touching the picture with due faith and devotion. This practice, beneficial as it was to the neighbourhood, was to be regretted on account of the picture, which was, as might be imagined, exposed to great injury from the

rude touches of the expectant sick. Those afflicted with sore eyes, fairly put out the eyes of the saint, as the practice was to touch the part of the picture corresponding to the seat of the complaint; so that it might be said that the saint lost her own eyes in curing those of others. The same fortune happened to other parts of the body; and at length it was determined to remove the picture. But this measure occasioned so much discontent and commotion in the valley, that it became necessary to restore it to its place; and after a time, there was no picture at all but a plain piece of canvas. The canvas would probably have shared the fate of the painting, and been worn out; and the convent would have lost all the fame and profit derived from saint Lyndara's wonder-working form, if it had not been miraculously restored in one night, canvas, picture, and all, to all its original freshness and brilliancy of colouring.

The prioress was of a distinguished family. She was aunt to the young O'Moore; and it was said, would have chosen another fate than that of abbess of Glenfinin, if the chief of the poukies had not given the rein to his malice, and too severely revenged some luckless laughter or imprudent merriment in which the young

Cathleen O'Moore had indulged at his expence, on the night of the festival of Saint John, when the remorseless monarch of the "little people" holds his grand court on the mountain.

The prince of Slieve-na-pouca never forgave the afront, and in the following winter, the young Finin O'Donnel, in his way to visit Cathleen his betrothed bride, while crossing a mountain stream, was carried away horse and rider by the sudden descent of a flood from the snow capped heights of Slieve-na-shi-shi. The voices of the fairies were heard amidst the tumult of the waters, laughing wildly, and shouting ha, ha! as the torrent broke in thunder from the mountain side, and hurled the victim and his horse over the dreadful precipice.

The horse and his rider were found dead next day in the bed of the torrent, below the precipice of Durkish. Cathleen's hand was afterwards sought by many a gallant and high born lover; but her pure mind shrank from this substitution, inconsistent, as she thought, with female delicacy and honour, if it could even be reconciled with the affections; and she devoted her young years, and her rich dowry, and a heart affluent in goodness, to the duties of religion, and the convent of Glenfinin. The lady abbess

was now old. Time had touched the whiteness of her cheek; but it was the decay of the pale rose preserving its purity and delicacy to the last. Her figure was small; and her address was distinguished by the natural politeness of a kind and benevolent spirit. She received the travellers with the utmost courtesy and cordiality in the little parlour of the convent. She was attended by a young female of great beauty, and of a delicacy of figure and form that might have fitted her to be the love of a sylph.

The prioress was never seen without sister Clara by her side. She accompanied her in her walks; she tended the flowers with her, and planned the improvements in the garden; she went with her in her charitable visits to the neighbouring cottages, and assisted in soothing the aficted, and administering to the wants of the distressed. When she received visits, she added the grace and charm of youth and beauty to the courtesies of the aged prioress; and when alone, she formed the delight and happiness of her solitary hours. If Clara had been an ordinary person, she would have been envied; for, alas! envy finds its way even within the consecrated walls of a convent; but she was that sort of being whom no one could envy. She enjoyed her

little distinctions without exciting ill-will in any human bosom. One would as soon have thought of envying the angels the happiness of their blest abode.

It was true, as Mac Egan had imagined might be the case, that Serjeant Haughton's red jacket had excited some alarm in the convent; and his arrival before the formidable Saxon made a near approach, fortunately prevented mischief. The abbess had reconnoitered the party from the highest turret of the convent, and was about issuing orders to sound the alarm bell, and collect her vassals, when the prior arrived.

The prior fared sumptuously this evening, and passed many high compliments upon his sister prioress, for the excellency of her table, and her richly stored cellar. "It reminds me," said he, "of the blessed days of Innisdune, when our brothers of that poor convent could receive the stranger with a hospitality like yours. God preserve your house, sister, from the sacrilegious Saxon, and the fate of poor Innisdune."

"Amen," said the prioress; "God and Saint Bridget, I humbly hope, will never suffer them

to set foot in our valley, which lies so much out of the way of the world."

"Do not depend too much on that circumstance, sister; if God prosper O'Neil, and continues to give him victory, you are safe; but if he fails, depend upon it, your seclusion will not screen you from the lynx eye of the Saxon."

"And why, then, have you brought two of these very Saxons with you into the valley to make our destruction more sure?"

"You know it was O'Moore's order; and beside M'Dermot will undertake for you that no danger will ever spring from this quarter; and, indeed, I would do so myself. The Colonel has pledged his honour; and his honour, though a Saxon, may be relied upon; and his servant is an honest fellow too, though a heretic and a blockhead; except, perhaps, in his trade as a soldier. He was seriously proposing to instruct me in Holy Scripture to-day."

"And, in return, you might have given him some information upon military matters, perhaps," said the prioress, smiling.

"Aye, that would be only fair; but though I have just got some of the newest manœuvres of the Duke de Guise, which he has employed with

so much success for the league, I will not instruct the Saxons in them. But I don't see M'Finin Duff's great golden cup performing its wonted manœuvres, my Lady Abbess."

"In truth, Brother, M'Finin's goblet manœuvred with so much effect upon the last grand occasion on which it was produced, that, though desirous above all things to honour the presence of our brother of Innisdune, I was fearful of producing this redoubted champion of our order."

"Oh, my sister, these are womanish fears; pray let us have the goblet. I would not think I sat at the table of Saint Bridget, if the cup did not make its appearance."

The prioress desired sister Frances to produce the cup; and it was accordingly placed before the prior, who complimented Sister Frances upon the brilliancy and excellent preservation of this precious relic. The nun courtesied, and said that she had particularly attended to it, as she knew how much the cup was a favourite with the prior of Innisdune, and how frequently it had contributed to his saintly comforts.

"At least," said the prior, "it has never taught me to deal in the pious sarcasms of our

good sister Frances. But I forgive you, Frances; and now for the cup."

It was an immense goblet of the urn shape, curiously carved, though many of the devices upon its exterior were defaced by time; it having been, as it was said, for ages in the possession of M'Finin Duff's family, before it was presented to the convent by this munificent prince. A mitre only had been first added by the convent; and afterwards it was adorned with broad hoops of amethysts by an abbess of the family of O'Neil.

The prior now filled the goblet to the brim with generous hoc, and addressing the abbess, said, that "on this happy occasion, when he enjoyed once again, after so many disasters and misfortunes, the honour and comfort of her board, he could not answer it to his conscience if he did not quaff this truly royal and saintly goblet to the health and happiness of the abbess, and the safety of her house; he feared, he said, that he should be found to be the only person at her table, of all her guests, who felt so deeply upon these points, as to make this glorious, but he would own, perilous, adventure of the goblet."

The abbess returned thanks, with as much

grace and dignity, we are bound to say, as could be found even at a modern public dinner; and and she concluded by assuring the prior, that she was so fully sensible of the kind sentiments he entertained towards her house and herself, that she by no means insisted upon his draining M'Finin's cup to the bottom, an exploit, she said, which she could not in conscience recommend to him.

But no hint or indulgence, in this regard, could dissuade the prior from duly performing this mark of respect to the convent. He prefaced his achievement with much impressive observation on the decay of religion, and the blessedness of those ancient days, when the noble goblet that stood before him was devoted to its present pious uses; then raising the cup to his mouth with both his hands, with a long and vigorous exertion, he drained its vast contents.

After a short interval he made an attempt to speak, but his words died away on his lips, and were not intelligible. The abbess now rose to depart, and was followed by all the female portion of the company, sister Frances observing, as they left the room, that it was right to spare

the prior, who was evidently unable to give utterance to the deep feelings he laboured under. She was proceeding to add something more, when a look from the abbess imposed silence on the charitable sister.

CHAPTER XV.

During this hospital repast, Colonel Marvel had been comfortably settled in a pleasant chamber, which opened upon a pretty sheltered garden. It was provided with books, pictures, and some ingenious pieces of mechanism, to to amuse the invalid. His bed-room opened into this agreeable apartment, and was furnished with the same attention to his comfort.

The prioress, who had not yet seen her sick guest, stepped into his anti-room, on her way to her own chamber, to enquire how he was accommodated. She was attended by Clara de Lacy. The Colonel had not yet retired to rest, and she was induced to sit down and converse with him for some time. And so pleased was she with this commencement of their acquaintance, that she spoke of nothing but the sick Colonel after they had left his room, till she fairly fell asleep. In the morning the prioress resumed the conversation concerning her pri-

soner (for such he was), and continued this strain so long, that Clara thought it necessary to remind her of other topics.

"Why, my dear mama, the Saxon Colonel has put our poor blackbird out of your head; — you have not enquired for him this morning, nor for the beautiful passion flower, or our pretty *clousheens*, which we got from Donal the fisherman; I wonder what Frances has done with them; or —"

"It is all true, my dear; and do you know the reason, Clara?"

"My dear mama, I did not intend to distress you."

"You do not distress me, love, but you must pardon that sigh," said she, smiling. "I thought I was past sighing. But the Saxon Colonel brought strongly to my memory one, for whose sake I was not, once, ashamed to sigh. The resemblance is amazing. The same figure and features, the same manner and tone of voice, the same smile. It is astonishing. He is a little older than poor O'Donnel, and his understanding is, perhaps, on that account, more cultivated and matured. But even his habit of thinking is like. I have heard of strong resemblances in mind and person, but one so per-

fect as this I did not think possible. Now, will you pardon me, dear Clara, for having, for one morning, forgot our little treasures?"

Clara threw her arms round her mama's neck, as she called her, and kissed her affectionately. "I will love him for your sake, mama, and nurse the poor sick gentleman in my best manner. He must be very good to resemble so strongly one whom you loved."

"If I can judge, I think he is good, Clara. He seems to me to be a man of great worth. And I do even think that he could not resemble O'Donnel so strongly, without partaking somewhat, also, of his goodness of heart. But as to your nursing him, he is already provided with a nurse, our sweet Maud M'Mahon."

"But she can't nurse him. The poor thing is compelled to give her whole attention to her brother, whose mind has received a new shock, and is vibrating, fearfully, between sanity and insanity."

"You are right, Clara; our dear M'Dermot will require all her care for a while. His fine understanding is, however, not totally obscured; it shines out at intervals, and seems, then, to acquire new brilliancy in its progress through the darkness. He was afraid of the prior's

joviality, and would not dine with us to-day, but spent the evening oddly enough, I am told, in a theological discussion with Colonel Marvel's pious servant, the sergeant. I must propose to Maud that she transfer the Colonel to you for a while."

Clara de Lacy was the orphan child of Otho de Lacy, in whom nearly the whole of the great possessions of the De Lacy family centred. This family had always been bold, turbulent, and ambitious, and Otho, in all these particulars, fully maintained the character of his race. He was related to most of the old Irish families of rank, and was himself one of those chieftains of English blood, who were considered "more Irish than the very Irish." He held the new English in the utmost abhorrence and contempt; and, like De Burgo, had assumed the port and bearing of an Irish prince, as best suited to his taste and character. Strengthened by numerous alliances, and furnished with immense possessions, it became an object of no little importance to the government of the Pale to secure his support. But this was seldom obtained but at the price of new grants of land, or new honours and employments. The government of Ireland trembled at his power, and

whenever they attempted to shake it, the effort only served to prove the weakness of the state, and the strength of the vassal.

Private vengeance however effected what public policy failed to accomplish. De Lacy appeared in Dublin with a pomp and splendour which threw the court into the shade. He was received with great distinction by the Lord Deputy Fitzstephen, but a slight thrown by the powerful lord, as Fitzstephen thought, upon his daughter, kindled the political hostility of the Deputy into private enmity. De Lacy found it necessary to leave Dublin. He retired to his castle. But Fitzstephen found means, by a variety of petty annoyances and vexations, to throw the impatient lord into open rebellion. Having succeeded so far, he next raised up enemies around him which De Lacy least expected. Among these was his brother Hugh, who, like the rest, was invited to the spoil of the great leviathan. The harpoon in fact was already in him, and though he showed extraordinary feats of strength and power, he could not escape from his pursuers.

Otho died in battle, as it was said, but his death was somewhat mysterious; and was never cleared up. His great estates were seized into

the hands of the crown, which, suspecting some foul play, refused to make any grant of them but, owing to the disorders of the times, Hugh got into possession of most of his brother's lands, and held them without title.

Otho had married in the course of those contests which had terminated so fatally, and when he died he left an infant and an orphan child, for her mother had expired in giving her birth. Fortunately, the child was secreted from the search of her uncle, and was safely delivered into the hands of the Lady De Burgo.

Ulick, when his wife died, placed the child with her other aunt, the good abbess of Glenfinin; with her Clara spent a happy childhood in the beautiful valley of the convent, and reached the age of eighteen, the period of her life when our travellers arrived, without suspecting that there was sorrow or suffering in the world. She had heard of her father's fate, but it was like the sound of a distant storm that did not disturb the serenity of the air around her, or a story of some wonderous event never to be repeated in the world.

Clara when a child was the darling of the convent, and the delight of the simple inhabitants

of the valley. She had the art of putting every one around her into good humour with her and themselves. It seemed as if every evil passion, and every unpleasant feeling fled at her approach, subdued by her innocent smile. As she grew up, perpetual sunshine glowed upon her brow, and every heart was captivated by talents that she knew not of, and loveliness that was almost yet a secret to her bosom. The peasants gazed at her with admiration in her walks, and when she visited their cottages they were charmed with a mixture of kindness and gaiety which was admirably suited to their taste.

Just at this time a passing cloud was discernible for the first time upon Clara's radiant forehead. Thoughts of her father's and her mother's fate had made their way into her heart, — of her own unprotected situation, — of the war which was raging in the country, — of the age and infirmities of her dear aunt. — What would become of her should the valley be invaded, or that precious aunt be snatched away from the world? She would gladly have become a nun; but her uncle De Burgo would not permit it, nor was her aunt inclined to hear of it. But Clara's new born anxieties were but light

and passing clouds, which had nothing of discontent or anxiety in them. There was nothing of that selfishness which so frequently, at Clara's age, wraps the young mind in darkness as it begins for the first time to entertain contemplations on its own condition and prospects in the world. The petty selfishness of infancy, though sufficiently apparent, is not considerate or thoughtful. It is wholly without design, and when at a more advanced age of childhood it is disciplined into obedience, it seems to disappear, and the character shines out for a season with great beauty. At length comes that important period when childhood passes into adolescence, and all the vices rouse themselves from their lair at the bottom of the heart, and claim their victim with amazing energy.

This awakening of the selfish passions is discernible in the clouded brow, in the frequent abstractions, and in a variety of little movements denoting a concern for the future never exhibited before. Less is done gratuitously, except for appearance sake; there is less disposition to oblige without an object in view; and the whole character, yielding to the new impulse, turns itself decidedly, like the sun-flower, to the god of its new idolatry — its future interest.

Clara de Lacy had never exhibited any symptoms of that character, or rather change of character, we have been noticing. She was now eighteen, and she was the same good, kind, and generous being she had ever been. All that was lovely and engaging in her childhood, had assumed a fixed and steadfast appearance. It was the fruit glowing with the hue and the beauty of the blossom. The solitude of the convent, and her own taste had made Clara a great reader; and as she grew up she devoted herself more to study, and less to those pursuits of embroidery and ornamental needle work, in which the nuns of the convent consumed most of their hours. With music and painting, and the manufacture of artificial flowers for the altar, she had been early familiar. She had learned Latin from one of the nuns who was acquainted with that language, in order to satisfy her curiosity concerning a vast number of volumes in that tongue, which crowded the shelves of the convent library. Clara was, by far, the most learned person in the convent of Glenfinin, but her erudition could only be discovered by occasional glimpses; as the golden lining of the summer's cloud is only revealed by the light breeze that plays

with its border, so it was that by accident or in playfulness the stores of Clara's mind were sometimes discovered. But there was no affected or studious concealment of her intellectual wealth, for she hardly knew that she was learned; and her knowledge of Latin was much less valued in the convent than her skill in cutting paper, or her taste in laying on spangles on the furbelows of full dressed saints. Her character retained all its simplicity, and that joyous and sunny hue which belonged to its infant years. Her learning was, as it were, something extrinsic to her, but which was fully at her command. It did not encumber or warp her mind, and hardly formed, as is always the case in the other sex, a part of her character. Clara's learning might be suspected by a good judge from the elegance and grace of her conversation, and, occasionally, from the strength and point of her observations. But in this way only was it apparent.

After the prioress and Clara had visited their favourite blackbird, and had watered the passion flower, and admired their pretty shells, they paid their promised visit to the Colonel.

They found their patient already risen, and at breakfast. Sergeant Haughton was in attend-

ance behind his chair, and Mrs. M'Mahon was sitting on a low seat beside him, and reading to him. She had dressed his wounds, as she had been in the habit of doing.

"My dear Maud," said the abbess, "it is too much for you to attend two sick persons; and until our dear brother, M'Dermot, is somewhat better, Clara and I had determined to take your place as nurse to the Colonel; nay, indeed, we must insist upon it, for your health is too delicate for so much occupation."

"Indeed," said Mrs. M'Mahon, "I had received your commands before to this effect, but my brother was so very much improved this morning, and I was so much in the habit of attending to the Colonel, that I ventured to disobey you."

"Well, we will forgive you this time; but tomorrow, my love, you must confine your attentions to M'Dermot: he will want all your care, believe me, for some time; and the Colonel, I am sure, will spare you for a little while, and confide in Clara's attention and mine."

"Indeed I shall be but too content," said the Colonel, "to be the object of solicitude to such goodness and loveliness. I cannot sufficiently speak my obligations to Mrs. M'Mahon

for her charitable and generous care, which has snatched me from the grave."

Mrs. M'Mahon did not speak; but her eyes filled with tears, and she walked slowly out of the room.

"You cannot think, lady abbess, how much I owe to that excellent and amiable woman, who has been a friend, a nurse, and a companion to me. I can never think of her without the most lively gratitude."

"Well, we will allow you to be grateful, but poor Mrs. M'Mahon has now too much to do in attending to her brother; and Clara and myself are experienced nurses, and used to the care of the sick. Clara always cures. There is a mystery of happiness about her, I think, as there is a mystery of unhappiness about the poor M'Dermots. But you, as a Protestant, do not believe in mysteries, Colonel."

"Indeed, Protestant as I am, I do believe in many mysteries: we are ourselves a mystery."

"Have you remarked, Colonel, that an evil fate will pursue some families for generations, a fate to which it is in vain to oppose prudence, fortitude, or skill; it will not be baffled or thrown out; and, finally, it will run down the devoted race, which it has singled for its victim.

And, again, happiness and joy will attend the footsteps of some through every maze of folly, and every labyrinth of error. They need not look before them. But, perhaps, you think I am going to entertain you with the superstitions of the convent."

"There may be great truth, my dear madam, in what you say; but notions of such fatalities are very likely to take root in a country torn and distracted as this is."

"No doubt," said the abbess; "I was only alluding to the fact of a good and evil destiny, which the case of the M'Dermots frequently brings to my mind."

"Well," said the Colonel, "it is some consolation in changing my excellent nurse, to change from a hapless fate to a happy one. But I shall think with pain of giving you all this trouble. Haughton there is, really, not a bad surgeon, and a very good nurse, and I should be quite content with him."

"What! after we have offered you our services, Colonel?" said the abbess, gaily.

"Most assuredly," said the Colonel; "your services would be infinitely the more acceptable, if I did not fear to burden your kindness too much."

"You may dismiss such fears, Colonel; our occupation is kindness; it is the duty and the business of our lives; it is the service which we render to God, and the chief enjoyment we have in this world."

The Colonel seized his crutch, and rose from his seat with emotion: "This," said he, "is true Christianity; this, indeed, is sublime."

"Now, who could have thought it?" said Sergeant Haughton, with great emphasis, and starting suddenly from the back of his master's chair, on which he had been leaning, into a perpendicular position, — "who could have thought of hearing such words from the mouth of a Popish abbess? they are, in my humble judgment, in every respect according to Scripture."

"You are to understand, my dear Lady Abbess," said the Colonel, hastening to interfere, "that Sergeant Haughton is deeply read in the Scriptures, and is rather vain, I must say, of displaying, and sometimes awkwardly enough, this really valuable accomplishment."

"Not vain, most noble Colonel," said the sergeant; "but humbly desirous only that my little candle should not be hid under a bushel, according to ——"

"Well, well, Haughton, these ladies, I assure you, want no illumination from your candle."

"Would it were, indeed, so," continued the persevering sergeant. "But as Paul said to Festus, so I say to you, most excellent Colonel, Art thou not a true Protestant? I know that thou art."

"Do you compare yourself to Paul, Haughton? I am afraid, my good lady, (turning to the prioress, with the hope of stopping the sergeant's mouth), I am afraid that with whatever abuses your church may be charged, we of the Reformation cannot be accused of too great an excess of modesty."

"We have all our besetting sins, Colonel," said the prioress. "For me, I do not pretend to decide the great questions which have arisen in the western church. Before these questions were agitated in this poor country, I was placed here, and was superior of this convent. I am now too old to enter into this debate; and my faculties are, perhaps, somewhat impaired. I shall, therefore, continue my humble path as I have commenced it, to the grave; satisfied, in the meantime, that I cannot be wrong in ministering to the sick and the stranger, and relieving the

wants of the poor and the unfortunate. These are our occupations at Glenfinin; and, wherever the truth lies upon the disputed points, God, no doubt, will, in his own time, establish it."

"I never heard any thing more extraordinary in my life," said the sergeant. "Oh! wonder of wonders, that so much good should be found in a popish convent! Oh! miserable! that so much worth should perish! Good lady," said he, with tears in his eyes, "Oh! 'that you would flee from the wrath to come, which surely will overtake those who have the mark of the beast in the forehead.'"

The prioress and the colonel were both so much astounded at this address, and its earnestness, that neither could interrupt the enthusiastic soldier.

"I am sorry, my good friend," said the prioress at length, "that you think me in so bad a way, but I am truly obliged to you for your concern. Be consoled with this conviction, that God, in whose hands we all are, is not less concerned for me than you."

"Oh! that I could be an instrument in his hands," said the unconquerable sergeant, "to bring you to the truth."

The sergeant was interrupted by the entrance of the prior, who came to pay his respects to the colonel. "I give you joy, sister," said he to the prioress, "that my friend here has taken you in hand. He found me a tough job, I am afraid, and thinks the Lady Abbess more practicable."

"Why, as to your Reverence," said the sergeant, "I think that the great cup last night would be apt to make more impression."

"Indeed! and that is true, sergeant," replied the prior with great good humour. "M'Finin's goblet is a powerful antagonist, and stunned me a little, but did not overthrow me quite, you see. But, as you have a taste for controversy, and as neither the abbess nor myself have any turn that way, I come to make you a proposition."

"What is it?"

"A very reasonable one; I will appoint one of our order here to discuss all controverted points and matters of theology with you. You can meet from day to day, and spend whole days, and whole nights at it, if you please. And you are to report progress from time to time to the Lady Abbess; and, for the edification of the convent, your discussion is to be

open to all who choose to attend. Now, if you are charitably disposed to convert us, here is a proper mode of setting about it; for, as a military man, you must know the advantage of making your attack upon a given point; and if you succeed in convincing Father M'Miracle, the learned keeper of the precious relics of Innisdune, I will promise also to become your convert without more ado."

"I will not shrink from it," said the sergeant, "though the keeper is a mulish man. God may work a miracle upon him."

"I have one condition to add," observed the Colonel, "that until this grand experiment be fully concluded, the sergeant shall undertake not to open his mouth to any other person whatever upon any religious topic within the convent walls."

The sergeant agreed.

All were pleased with this arrangement. The sergeant promised himself a full meal of controversy, and ultimate victory. The colonel was glad to shut his mouth in any way, and knew how vainly it would be opened on the priest. But the prior almost danced with delight at the idea he had formed of the conflict

between these obstinate and unyielding combatants. The stupid enthusiasm of the sergeant, and the perverse and pedantic bigotry of M'Miracle; the very idea he said was delicious.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the evening, the Abbess, Clara de Lacy, and Sister Frances, again visited the Colonel. It was a warm sunny evening in the month of September. The door of the Colonel's little chamber was open, and the room was filled with the odour of the gay flowers which bordered the neat banks outside. Beyond was spread a carpet of vivid green; and in the distance were a number of peasants of both sexes gaily dressed, and busily employed in stacking sheafs of corn. The Colonel pointed to this pleasant scene as he invited the ladies to sit down, and apologized for not having his crutches near him, which would have enabled him to receive them on his legs. When they were seated, a long pause ensued; such a pause as is sometimes the effect of quiet and delicious scenery, where the mind is subdued by the landscape into indistinct and delightful contemplations, and the heart reposes indolently upon its own momentary happiness.

The soft notes of a harp awoke them from this short trance.

"It is old Molloy," said Clara, "coming to give the labourers their evening dance."

The venerable minstrel was clad in the regular costume of his order. His head was adorned with snowy locks, and a long beard of the same colour floated upon his bosom; and that every accompaniment should be complete, he was seated under a canopy of spreading oak, his harp resting on the root of the tree, and attached to his neck by a pink ribbon. His first strain was not a dance, but was very pleasing and melancholy. The Colonel looked at Clara, as if asking an explanation.

"He will give us the dance in a few minutes," said she, "replying to his look. He is now playing a composition of his own, which he calls 'the disappointed swain;' for poor old Molloy has not been a happy lover, and this strain is to the memory of his own sorrows. A quarrel at a dance lost him his fair one, and he never plays at a *pattern* without this musical reference to his own sad case."

"The old man is no ordinary musician," said the Colonel, "or it is love that inspires

him; for the strain is full of pathos and musical skill."

"Oh!" said Clara, "Terence Molloy is a genius and composer of the first order; don't you think, Colonel, that all the lovers of music ought to rejoice in the disappointment of his early passion, though it is certainly a hard-hearted thing? But I have always thought that if Molloy had been a happy man in the ordinary way, and encumbered with a wife and a house full of troublesome children, he never would have been so sweet a musician."

The Colonel laughed.

"And then," continued Clara, "we should have lost entirely that sweet melody you admire so much."

"The Colonel, I hope," said Sister Frances, "will not decide in favour of so uncomfortable a position, as that our excellence in art must be the fruit of our misfortunes."

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, "I cannot think it an uncomfortable position; on the contrary, I consider it as very consoling. I fear that the whole of human life is but a kind of compromise, where every evil is mitigated by its accompanying advantage, and every good is diminished by its attendant evil. If old Molloy

had been a happy man in early life, he would necessarily have devoted more time to his wife and family, and less to his musical talent. His music would, therefore, have wanted that perfection it now possesses, and he would have wanted the fame and distinction which now console him for his privation. I am inclined to think also, that genius frequently requires the cultivation of calamity."

"Oh! Colonel!" exclaimed Sister Frances.

"It is a hard thing," continued the Colonel, "undoubtedly; but human life abounds with hard things, and it is in vain to conceal the truth. Deep and profound feelings are necessary to the perfection of genius; and these cannot be gathered in the sun-shine, nor found upon the green surface of life. Here, indeed, gay flowers may be collected, and many a pretty and smiling *bouquet* to adorn our chambers for an hour. But the bosom of the earth must be opened up, and the steel must enter deep into its hidden recesses, before the diamond is discovered, or the precious ore that endures for ever."

"You have found a powerful ally," said Sister Frances, turning to Clara; "but I shall never become a convert to a doctrine which

makes misery necessary. Horace and Virgil are not reported to have been unhappy men, and these are both the idols of the learned."

"Every one must admit," said the Colonel, "the genius of these writers; but from the good fortune that surrounded their later life, we are not to infer the happiness of its early history. They both passed regularly through the preparatory culture of adversity, before that genius received its last polish, which attracted at length the scattered rays of prosperity. Virgil was, for a long time, a disappointed and melancholy man; and Horace's philosophy and gaiety were put to severe trials in the civil wars of Rome."

The harper had now concluded his melancholy strain, and struck up a sprightly air. The young peasants who had been listlessly reclining on the ground, were instantly on their feet, and preparing for the dance. The dancers were arranged by a young man in a gay dress, who was frequently rebuked for inattention by the irritated musician.

"I protest I think old Molloy is right," said Frances; "I don't know what *Shamus* is about this evening."

"And who is Shamus?"

"He is clerk at our chapel," said Clara,

"and grave-digger, and poet of the neighbourhood; and, as you see, permanent master of the ceremonies, and leader in all revels and mischief whatever. Indeed, I think we have spoiled him at the convent; and particularly Sister Frances, who is a great admirer of his wit and talents. Do you observe, Colonel, that gay dress of green and yellow, and that white cap and feathers which decorate, or perhaps you will think disfigure, poor Shamus? These are the work of Frances's own fingers, and the poor fellow is not a little vain of the circumstance."

"He only wears that livery at the dance," said Frances, "and is very properly habited on other occasions; and when people play the fool, it is only right that they should be dressed in character."

The dance now went on; and after a little important lounging and hesitation, Shamus himself led out a pretty, modest, blushing girl, and joined the throng.

"Lissy M'Donnel is happy to-night," said Frances, "for Shamus has condescended to notice her. Poor thing, she is in love with a being who, with all his amusing qualities, is a compound of levity and selfishness; how I pity her!"

"I pity them all," said Sergeant Haughton. "Poor creatures, that are dancing merrily into the devil's mouth. I think I see him snapping them up."

"You don't approve of dancing, Sergeant."

"No, madam; I think it is an invention of the old dragon's for catching poor giddy souls."

"Did you never dance?"

"Yes," replied the sergeant, "I have danced when I was young and profane, like these unfortunate people."

"Oh," said the nun, "these will become, by and bye, as sage and sedate as our good sergeant. See the old people sitting under the trees, how they don't dance; they have got stiff limbs and religious scruples both together, like Sergeant Haughton. Time rids us of the vice of dancing like other vices."

"Time," said the sergeant, "and stiff limbs, madam? Why, hey, hem, certainly, I am not as active as I was twenty years ago; but I am not come to that neither. I could dance as well as any of these, if I did not consider it sinful and heathenish."

"I am sorry I cannot take your word in the matter. You seem to be as stiff and stately as an old oak of seventy. You see that one beyond,

it does not move a branch in the wind, while those graceful young ash dance to the gentlest breath of the breeze; and why should not the young people of the valley feel the influence of youth and balmy air?"

"Sergeant," said the colonel, "you had better reserve your strength for the great conflict with the learned priest to-morrow, and not exhaust it in injudicious skirmishing."

The sergeant bowed, and left the room, repeating as he went the words that had wounded him: —"Stiff! not so stiff either; one is not obliged to throw their limbs about like those cursed Irish, as if they did not belong to one. Stiff! not so stiff either."

The dance was finished, and Molloy was trying a little wild air on his harp, which he seemed not to have yet mastered. The dancers gradually stole away; the music finally subsided in broken murmurings, and was still; and the little party in the colonel's room rose and took leave.

The next day was one of bustle and preparation for the theological controversy between the sergeant and the keeper of the relics of Innisdune. Clara, and Mrs. M'Mahon, who ventured again to disobey, attended at the usual

hour to dress the colonel's wounds, and shortly after the sergeant also presented himself with warm water, towels, bandages, and splints.

"What will you say to that?" said the sergeant, laying them down.

"To what," asked the colonel.

"A breach of the first commandment; I will maintain it. Then the seven hills, you cannot deny there are seven of them; — the scarlet —"

"Why, Haughton," said the colonel, "what are you dreaming of, man? — are you awake."

"I beg your honour's pardon."

"Why this water, sergeant," said Clara, "is as hot as your controversy is likely to be; it would scald the colonel."

"Pour a little cold water into the basin, lady," said the sergeant.

"And these bandages are all twisted and tangled like your arguments."

"Why, man, your head is all wrong this morning," said the colonel. "I see we must contrive to do without you."

"Indeed, I believe so," said Haughton quietly; — "then the second commandment; can you deny ——"

"Haughton!"

"Sir? — the second commandment ——"

"Haughton, I say, these splints are the wrong ones."

"The second commandment is a wrong one, I say ——"

"Sergeant, 'Attention,'" said the colonel, in a loud voice. The sergeant instantly put himself into a military position, placed his heels in line, and his arms close to his sides.

"By your right, quick, retire," said the colonel; and the sergeant marched off in regular pace."

"What an advantage it is to be under good discipline!" said Clara; "the poor sergeant would hardly have listened to his colonel today, except in military phrase."

"We are a kind of machines," said the colonel, "and these terms are the springs that move us. Even all this poor fellow's theology could not resist the word 'attention,' which you might have repeated till you were hoarse to an ordinary servant, whose head had accidentally got out of order."

The colonel's wounds were soon dressed, and the ladies took their leave; and Clara gave a full account of Haughton's conduct, in the breakfast parlour, where she met the prioress and sister Frances.

"Oh, 'tis delightful," said the latter, "when one has any thing to do, to find that the parties are hearty in it. There is poor M'Miracle did not touch a mouthful of his supper last night, he was so engaged with Cyril, and Origen, and an endless heap of stupid saints."

"Fye, Frances," said the prioress, "you forget ——"

"Oh, I only meant the books, which always appeared to me terribly stupid, I confess. I doubt whether the poor father has even to-day eaten any breakfast; not that he is afraid of the sergeant, whom he despises as a profane heretic and an ignorant soldier, but he wishes to display his learning before those who may attend the controversy."

After breakfast, Clara and sister Frances went into the library to see what state of preparation M'Miracle was in. The good sister had rightly conjectured, that the unlucky keeper had not tasted his breakfast; it was lying untouched before him, while he was busily engaged with immense piles of dusty volumes of enormous bulk.

"Come, come, my good father," said Frances; "this will never do. You must eat your break-

fast. What, enter the lists fasting! That is not the way to ensure a victory."

"Sister," said the father, "I am not apprehensive concerning the victory with such an antagonist. I wanted merely to refresh my memory upon points. Indeed, indeed, continued he in a dolorous voice, the prior ought not to have imposed such a task upon me as a contest with this profane soldier. If it had been one of the learned, for there are many such unfortunately who have fallen off from the true faith, I would not have shrunk from the defence of the doctrines which were committed to the saints. But the prior would not listen to me."

"Indeed, Father," said Frances, "I think you are wrong in the way you view this matter. There may be more glory in contending with the learned, but has not this soldier also a soul to be saved? and is not our vocation to do good rather than to seek glory."

"Alas, alas!" said M'Miracle, "you cannot conceive the obstinacy of these heretics."

"I know it well; but I know also the force of eloquence and argument when employed in the cause of truth; and I rely on the power of Saint Bridget so frequently exerted for her own honour, under her own roof."

"I have not forgotten to apply to the saint," said the priest.

"I am glad to hear it. She will answer you by some miracle, I have no doubt. If you convert the sergeant, the colonel perhaps will follow. Oh, Father, there is no calculating the extensive results of this blessed conflict for the faith. Be of good courage, and eat your breakfast."

The good father felt somewhat reassured, and pushing away his books he drew the little table towards him on which his breakfast was placed, and began to eat vigorously.

Shamus Delany now entered the room with a huge bag upon his back, which he laid down. "Please your reverence," said Shamus, "these bones are cursed heavy, and ought to add great weight to your argument, for they have been a great weight upon my back."

"Take them out of the bag, Shamus," said the priest, not condescending to notice the wit of the grave-digger.

Shamus proceeded to do as he was desired; but continuing his remarks, —. "'Tis hard if we do not overcome the heretic, when we bring the dead and the living to battle him at the same time. Here is a sizeable bone for a saint,"

said he, taking a large one out of the bag. "Troth, he must have been a strapping fellow. 'Tis an odd thing, after all, that a man should convert heretics after he is dead with his leg bones, when his jaw bones failed while he was living, and the flesh upon them. But there is no explaining miracles. I hope we will see a good one to-day; there has not been a proper miracle at Glenfinin since the time of the picture, though it was whispered that Father M'Crayon, who was such a limner, knew something of that miracle; God rest his soul!"

"Here's a fine skull," producing one from the bag. "Now I think in an argumentation battle of this sort, a skull must be the very thing to work a miracle with; and this is a fine skull too," said Shamus, as he turned it round, "and here is a label which says, that it belonged to Saint Cuthbert Darig, or the old red-haired saint of Slieve-na-pouca, who was said to be so intimate with the fairies; but that was scandal. The saint is dead according to the label, one — one hundred and twenty years. I have not forgot my arithmetic. They are all out, sir."

M'Miracle, whose mouth was full, merely nodded his head to Shamus, who returned the nod waggishly, and left the room. But he soon

returned; for the time of the controversy was now at hand, and took his post at the door, showing in Clara and sister Frances, who had left the library while M'Miracle was finishing his breakfast.

The nuns were not generally admitted to this controversy, but those only who had obtained permission from the prioress. These however were pretty numerous, for the good lady, though she disliked the whole proceeding, could hardly resist the intreaties to witness this singular exhibition.

The library was a large oblong square, the upper end of which was crossed by a long table, having in the centre a small desk at which the father sat. On one side of the desk on the table were placed about a score huge folios, and two or three thick quarto volumes. On the other division of the table were arranged the bones, and skulls, and other relics of the convent, upon which, for the honour of the house and Saint Bridget, the librarian intended solely to rely upon this important occasion, without calling in the aid of any of the saintly treasures of Innisdune.

M'Miracle sat at his desk with amazing gravity. His face, which upon common occa-

sions had no expression whatever, unless, perhaps, a general character of heaviness and simplicity, was now pursed up and contracted into a degree of anxiety and importance which was infinitely ludicrous, and which put the gravity of Clara and her companion to a severe test.

CHAPTER XVII.

The entire audience were now assembled, and a pause of anxious expectation ensued, which was at length relieved by a gentle tap at the door. It was the sergeant. Shamus opened the door, and received the military polemic with a low bow, and a look of such comical gravity, as had very nearly destroyed the composure of the assembly.

The sergeant paused for an instant at the door, and looked round him; then making a slight bow, he advanced towards the table with a steady step, and preserving an erect attitude, his arms down close to his sides, as if marching in ordinary time in line. This movement brought him in front of the reverend divine, whom he saluted by first putting his right hand to his head, touching his forehead with his forefinger, next by a low bow, observing both the civil and military modes of salutation.

Father M'Miracle returned his salute by a slight nod of the head.

"I am come," said the sergeant, "at the desire of the Rev. Prior M'Egan, to maintain the truth and the gospel against your Reverence, and any thing you may propound."

"Am I then an enemy to the truth?"

"Nathless," said the sergeant, "so I opine your reverence to be, seeing you are a supporter of the old idolatry, and given up, as I understand, even more than most of the poor lost creatures of your order, to the abominations of the Red Lady of Babylon. God pardon me for mincing, as it were, the terms of the Scripture, which I do only that I might not offend the delicacy of female ears by the plain language of holy writ, which regards not our weak fastidiousness."

"How comes it that you," said the priest, rising in great wrath, "how comes it that you, who are an ignorant soldier, should be a judge of these matters, which are almost too deep for the wisest and most learned of the clergy, bred from their youth to these studies?"

"If you think," replied the sergeant, "that I am ignorant of the points in controversy between the reformed church of Christ and the

old superstition, try me; what does it matter whether I acquired my knowledge in a red coat or in a black one? Was not the centurion instructed by Paul, and how knowest thou who it was taught me the words of life?

"Oh the presumption of these heretics," said the keeper; "even this poor man likens himself to the centurion in the gospel!"

"And why should I not?" observed the sergeant. "What was the centurion but a Roman soldier, and am not I a soldier of Britain? a better title, I think, and could easily prove, if it were a matter relative to the business in hand."

"We have proof enough," said M'Miracle, "of the character of the Saxon soldiers. Our ruined and ravaged country tells what it is; but we will waive this point."

"Your reverence does right, nor will I say a word upon it. Howbeit we use but the rights of war, as practised by the chosen people, under special command, against the Amalekites and other idolatrous nations."

Here Shamus Delaney, who had taken a position nearly central between the combatants, interfered, and observed that it would be the best course if the sergeant would propose his

objections to the Roman church, to which his reverence might then reply in order.

M'Miracle nodded assent, and the sergeant consented to adopt that course.

"I shall first," said the sergeant, after a few hems and preparatory contortions of the countenance, "read the commandments, and then proceed to prove that the church of Rome is guilty of a flagrant breach of them."

"Now, you make images and likenesses of things," said he, laying down his Bible, out of which he had been reading. "Do you deny it? and can you say that it is not a breach of this commandment? and do you not bow down to them and worship them?"

"This," said the librarian, "is the old, stale slander of the heretics. Have you nothing more novel than this?"

"Answer it; the antiquity of an accusation is no defence against it."

"I will answer it. We do make images; but did not God make images of the cherubim, and command them to be placed upon the holy place. We do not worship the images we make, we give them honour only as recalling to our minds the virtues of departed saints."

"Foolish and wicked man! God was the

lawgiver, and might dispense with his own law, and command the images of the cherubim to be made; but who has given you such dispensing power? Neither is there any distinction in this case between honour and worship, for the worshippers of Moloch do no more than honour the image that represents their God; they do not imagine the stone to be a living deity."

"All men honour the representations of their departed friends; we do no more."

"You do more, for it is a religious honour that you pay them, and religious honour is worship; you bow down to them, and you pray to them."

"We pray to the saints, not to their images."

"If you pray to them, is not that worship and idolatry?"

"No; we entreat them only for their prayers and intercession, because we hold the communion of the church in heaven and on earth, and as we would ask for the prayers of a living friend, so we beg for the intercession of a friend in heaven."

"Oh blindness and folly; do we ask the prayers of a friend on earth when he cannot hear us? Would you kneel down there and

entreat the prayers even of the pope of Rome, — no, because he could not hear you. Why then ask the prayers of a saint in heaven, unless you attribute to him the divine attributes of omniscience and omnipresence, for without these he cannot hear you. If you attribute to him or her these divine attributes, and your prayers are a proof that you do, then this is idolatry; you have made gods of your saints."

"Profane man," said the priest, "have we not the divine word that our church cannot err, and that its holy Founder will be with it to the end of time?"

"The church of Rome has no such word or promise to prop its errors with," said the sergeant; "that word was not addressed to her, for she was not in existence when it was spoken. It gives us this assurance, that Christ was never, and will never be without faithful followers and servants upon earth, how few soever they may be; for we are told that two or three may be such a congregation, or church, (they are synonymous terms,) as he would honour with his presence. That there is no infallibility of any community of Christians, is plain from the words which Christ himself addresses to the churches of Asia in the Revelations. He told

them that they had fallen into error, and that they may even utterly fall of; and they did utterly fall off. What immunity has the church of Rome beyond the Asiatic churches?"

"The church of Rome was founded by St. Peter, the chief of the apostles."

"You cannot prove it," said the sergeant. "The church at Rome was founded by St. Paul, who was no way inferior certainly. There is no proof that Peter was ever at Rome. But supposing that he was, what of that? Were not the Asiatic churches founded by the Apostles? several, no doubt, by St. Peter also; and all these churches have fallen off. Your Pope is, no doubt, the successor of St. Paul. Take him to be the successor of Peter, it does not matter which; because, by this, or by any succession, you cannot show that he is not liable to error."

"But in our church there is a continued series of proofs of the divine presence and protection, from its foundation down to our times. Our church is the most ancient in the world; and was for ages the sole depositary of the truth. Do you not owe to us the Bible that you profane and misuse?"

"No," replied the sergeant, "we do not owe

you the Bible; it was in the hands of the faithful every-where, and of every congregation of the world. And why do you consider your church as the most ancient? The church at Jerusalem, and other Asiatic churches were more ancient. The Greek church, which is still spread over a great portion of the earth, is quite as ancient; and many of its congregations far more so. You say the Greek church is in error, notwithstanding its antiquity; why then allege *your* antiquity as a test of truth? But we deny your antiquity. The ancient church of Rome has ceased to exist; and the present church of Rome is a novelty of recent date. Is the present church of Rome, which claims universal authority, the same church which disclaimed that authority, and denounced it, when it was assumed by the Greek church, as antichristian and profane, and devilish. No; the church of Rome, in her present form and pretensions, is a modern church."

"But I have said," replied M'Miracle, "that we rely upon unquestionable proofs of the Spirit of God abiding with us."

"What are these proofs?"

"They are an unbroken chain of miracles," said the keeper solemnly.

"Imposture; all imposture," said the sergeant. "Miracles were used in the first establishment of Christianity, to prove that Christ was the Messiah. This is now admitted, and there is no further need of miracles. This jugglery is a proof of the rottenness of your cause. Who that has seen the idol at Loretto, with its priests and its wonders, need doubt the character of Romish miracles?"

"Do you, wretched man, reject miracles also?"

"I am commanded to reject miracles, when I know not wherefore they are performed. Did not Satan perform miracles by the jugglers in Egypt? and, no doubt, he may perform them at Rome also. If your miracles are real, I will not believe them, if you apply them to the establishment of your creed; for I know that you have fallen off from the truth. But I deny that they are real."

"Will you believe, if I perform a miracle upon yourself, unhappy man?"

"Perform it, till I judge of its character, and I will then tell you. But I am neither lame nor blind, that you should cure me."

"Suppose, Father," said Frances, "that you made the sergeant a foot higher."

"I am six feet," said the sergeant, "and that would be rather inconvenient;" as if, notwithstanding his abuse of popery, he really apprehended the success of the miracle.

"I would humbly propose," said Shamus Delany, "that his Reverence should add half an inch to the length of the sergeant's nose; or if he likes it better, to change the colour of his hair."

"We will try His Reverence's devil on the hair first," said the sergeant.

"What colour," said Shamus," would you choose to have it changed to?"

"Oh! let the priest choose the colour, any thing he fancies."

"Before he proceeds," said Frances, "let Shamus take an exact note in writing of the present colour of the serjeant's hair, that there may be no dispute by-and-bye."

"Right, lady," said the serjeant, "that is a good precaution."

Shamus took pen and paper accordingly and Sister Frances commenced examining the head, and dictating to the penman. Shamus wrote down "black; thick at the pole; thinner at the crown, and colour a little lighter; dry and curling on the forehead, and on the temples

mixed with much grey and white hairs, the effect of time."

"Not the effect of time, Lady, but of hard service, and a soldier's life. Let the memorandum speak the truth."

Frances shook head, doubtingly.

"Well," said Shamus, "suppose we omit stating any cause, and merely confine ourselves to the fact."

"Do so, Shamus," said Frances; "and now concerning the whiskers, black and grey mixed, if the whiskers are to be included."

"I think they ought," said the keeper, "they are hair of the head."

"They are hair of the cheek," said the sergeant. "And is not the cheek part of the face, and the face of the head," said Shamus; "and ——"

"Let him have the whiskers," said the sergeant, gravely.

"Aye, aye; we will throw in the whiskers," said Shamus, "to preserve the peace."

"Do so, Shamus, they are not worth quarrelling about," said Frances.

This remark made the serjeant lift his left hand to his despised whiskers, and stroke them with an air that seemed to indicate that he had

a different opinion of their importance. But he kept his temper.

All was now ready; and M'Miracle ordered Shamus to bring him the head of Saint Cuthbert Darig; and having received it, he placed both his hands upon the skull, and kneeling down, repeated a variety of prayers in Latin, addressed chiefly to the owner of the head himself, and to Saint Bridget of Glenfinin. Having finished this copious outpouring of the Spirit, as the Scotch Reformists would call it, he rose and made various crosses and signs upon the skull, placing, at the same time, one end of a piece of blue ribbon on it, the other end of which hung round his neck. After this he sprinkled it with a little holy water, and then announced that he was ready to change the sergeant's hair to red.

It happened that the sergeant had a particular dislike to hair of this colour; he protested, therefore, loudly against the choice which the priest had made. But Sister Frances insisted upon the right which, acording to agreement, the keeper had of determining the colour.

The sergeant admitted the right, but said that he would take it as a particular favour, if any other colour were chosen.

Sister Frances asked if he would be content

with white, which would give him a venerable and dignified appearance. But this colour also was repugnant to his taste. Finally M'Miracle declared that it was useless now to debate the matter, as all his prayers had been directed to a reddening of the sergeant's head; and as every one knew by the name, Saint Cuthbert *Darig* was red-haired.

This address put the sergeant's objections to flight, and he submitted, though evidently still with reluctance.

Shamus was now directed to take the skull of the red haired Cuthbert and place it on the head of the sergeant, holding it with both his hands; while he read the abridged service on miracle working, taken from the fifty one volumes of Father Folio's thesaurus, according to the intent of the church.

The sergeant entreated that while this was reading he might be permitted to sit down; which was granted, and Shamus was stationed at the back of his chair holding the scull of St. Cuthbert Darig on his head with both hands.

During this interval the sergeant felt himself very uncomfortable. He recollected the surprising things performed in all ages by diabolical

agency, and these thoughts contributed greatly to disturb his repose. At length the priest finished the solemn ceremony and advancing towards the scull, he placed a second time the end of the blue ribbon he wore upon it, and pronounced aloud the words — Darig, Darig.

As the last word parted from the lips of the priest, the skull was seen to open in the hands of Shamus, and a thick red liquid, like blood, descended from it in a copious stream, covering the head of the sergeant completely, and coating his back, face, and bosom, with a red covering. "A miracle! a miracle!" shouted Shamus!

The priest threw himself on his knees to return thanks to Saint Bridget and St. Cuthbert. The sergeant started up in horror; and the scull of St. Cuthbert was overturned; and rolled in two pieces on the floor! The red liquid had got into his eyes and caused blindness and great pain; — he roared fearfully.

"Sinner," said the priest, "this change is accompanied with pain because of your transgressions; I will pray that you may be relieved."

"Servant of the Devil," replied the sergeant "you have blinded me, but I will be revenged;" and he made an attempt to seize the priest, but he escaped from his grasp. The sergeant

followed the sound of his step and in the rush he made, he overturned the large table with desk, books, bones, and all. It was now a scene of general uproar and confusion. The nuns shrieked; Shamus Delaney shouted and clapped his hands with delight; while the sergeant continued to pursue the priest with both arms outstretched.

Shamus was soon compelled to join the keeper in the active dance he was performing round the room, while the nuns were sometimes driven from their corners and forced to share in the unholy movement. Fragments of male and female dress were scattered round the room; and in a few minutes the active fingers of the blind man had lightened the ladies of much of their attire, and placed Shamus and the priest in a better trim for exploits of activity. They were both almost naked.

Weariness was now creeping upon Shamus and the keeper, while the strength and nimbleness of the soldier seemed to increase; when the priest making an unlucky spring, stumbled upon the cleft head of Saint Cuthbert and rolled with it upon the floor. The next pounce of the sergeant would have put the divine into his talons, but Shamus with a noble devotedness

threw himself upon the enemy and diverted the attack. The soldier grappled furiously with the poor grave-digger, when again the head of the saint interfered and brought them both, along side the priest upon the floor. The nuns shrieked with terror; — At this instant the door opened, and M'Dermot stood before them, gazing in astonishment at the strange scene which presented itself.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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